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"John Bull," 15/9/34.

WITHOUT
FEAR OR
FAVOUR

Silly Sky Larks



THE other day, two young amateur airmen, well known in what are called "society and sporting" circles, crashed to their deaths in a Kentish field.

They had been taking part in an aerial "treasure hunt," and, according to eye-witnesses, they were flying at a height of only 200 feet just before the crash. They had come down so low to identify a "clue" placed on a motor-car travelling on the road beneath.

A "treasure hunt," we need hardly remind our readers, is a game that was first made a public nuisance by those "Bright Young People" who once enlivened the Sunday newspapers and the columns of society chit-chat and who have now, presumably, grown up and departed from our midst. Their nightly excursions were objectionable enough to householders whose slumbers were disturbed by midnight "whoopie" and the shriek of car engines going "all-out" down quiet residential streets.

But very much worse results are likely to attend the escapades of their successors—the "Bright Young People" of the air.

JOHN BULL has always urged the need for less, and not more, restrictions on private flying. Now—just by the way, when the Gorell Committee has reported to the Government that private flying should be removed from the apron-strings of the Air Ministry—there come reports from all over the country of reckless liberties being taken with existing regulations at certain private aerodromes.

This puerile and dangerous game of treasure hunting is one instance. It is practised at dozens of small flying clubs and aerodromes. It serves no useful purpose. And it is almost impossible to play it without breaking flying regulations, which means imperilling the lives or property of other people.

A SINGLE example of how the game is played will show this point readily enough.

"Clues" are laid down at various points about the countryside, all of them leading eventually to the "treasure." There may be a dozen or more clues, with as many machines taking part in the hunt. The first clue, perhaps, is on the top of a haystack. It leads to another placed, say, near a culvert on a certain road. That, in turn, to another placed in a field or even on the roof of a house—and so on until the end is reached.

Often the collection of the "clues" means landing and taking off again, sometimes under tricky conditions, and near dwelling-places and roads. If the hunt is a close thing there may be two or three machines "jostling" each other at some of the clue points.

The coroner at the inquest on the Kent victims made some strong references to the danger to people on the road just before the machine crashed when it had swooped down low to identify one of the forty cars taking part in the hunt, and had gone out of control.

It is part of the game to make the clues

He thinks 'hedge-topping' great fun—but the people whose lives he endangers have another name for it

reasonably inconspicuous, and high-speed machines "zooming" and swirling a few feet above the ground with their occupants competitively intent on picking out ground clues are an obvious grave danger to the public.

Another kind of aerial high jinks played by some of these private aircraft owners is "postman's knock." It consists in flying low over the houses of friends and bombing a "rat-tat" on the roof with lead shot and flour bags.

There have already been several accidents as a result of this crazy pastime of paying aerial calls on the houses of friends. Sometimes the pilot has been more engaged on observing the effect of his call than on his flying. Then there has been a fatal accident, almost invariably, excused as an "error of judgment" on the pilot's part.

Yet it has been mere chance that the "error of judgment" has not killed people on the ground as well as the pilot.

Another game that should no longer be tolerated is aerial golf. It is played by skimming over the ground at high speed and then releasing a golf ball over the first tee. The machine's momentum carries the ball a certain distance towards the green.

The pilot then turns, skims over the course again and releases another ball where the first has come to rest. This operation is continued until a ball arrives on the green.

BUT perhaps the most dangerous of all these hazardous diversions is "hedge-hopping."

The aeroplane roars across fields only a few feet above the ground and then lightly skims over intervening hedges, and sometimes roads as well. The idea is to keep as close as possible to the ground without the landing wheels actually touching. The pilot is sometimes quite blind as

to what is in the next field when he is approaching a hedge.

It may be "great fun" to panic a few grazing cows, but there is also great danger to field workers whose presence may be partly concealed by growing crops from the sight of the pilot.

All these games break the Air Navigation regulations at some stage or another of their progress. A section of the rules clearly states that it is forbidden for civil aircraft to "be flown in such circumstances as by reason of low altitude or proximity to persons or dwellings, or for any other reason, to cause unnecessary danger to any person or property on land or water."

For breaking any of the regulations a person can be sent to prison for six months and fined up to £200. Prosecution is left to the police.

A DISQUIETING fact is that at present there is no obligation on a private airman to effect a third-party insurance. All that is officially demanded of him is that his machine should have a certificate of airworthiness. Yet the statistics of accidents show that in the majority of cases it is the pilot at fault, not the machine.

It is no consolation to a member of the public to be crippled or killed by a reckless pilot flying an airworthy machine, and none to his family, who must rely for compensation on what they can get from the pilot or his estate.

The remedy lies with the police to carry out the regulations ruthlessly against those "Bright Young People" of the air who deliberately break them. The police should "go looking" for offences of the kind.

And the more sober-minded among private airmen can co-operate with the police to bring these irresponsible aerial antics to an end, before the inevitable catastrophe occurs to bring tragedy not only to "treasure hunt" pilots themselves, but to members of the general public.



STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER...

Ruin for More Small Shopkeepers

THE legal robbery of small shopkeepers is still going on. More and more are being deprived of their business by an officialdom run mad, left without a farthing compensation, and brought to utter ruin and destitution.

We know the official excuse is that their shops are in an area that is scheduled for slum clearance.

But, as Mr. Dan Rider commented the other day, "It is not a slum clearance scheme. It is a shop clearance scheme."

Hardship and injustice

He was appealing for the thirty small traders who are to be evicted in North Lambeth, London. And the hardships he quoted were typical of the heart-rending cases we have related from time to time.

Nine of the businesses he mentioned were bought by ex-Servicemen with their war gratuities. One man has nearly lost his sight, has no pension, and entirely depends on his business.

What is to happen to him if it is filched from him?

Their last hope

Other shops had been taken over by unemployed men and women and represent their life savings. Are they to lose their all because they are trying to make a living instead of relying on public relief?

Intolerable scandal

Mr. Rider tells also of a shopkeeper who has just had a seizure through this threat to his livelihood.

"Some of the women have been so worried that they are attending hospital. Many are old people, with nothing else in life."

We fear that if officialdom has its way they will be forced into the work-house.

Widespread scandals

And these conditions, let us emphasise, are to be found all over the country. We have already told of equally hard cases—some even worse—as far apart as Exeter and Liverpool, Leeds and Cardiff.

Every post brings us further evidence, not only of injustice to shopkeepers, but to people who have bought houses with their savings.

No excuse

We are as anxious as anyone to see an end to the slums which disfigure Britain. We have nothing but contempt for the grasping type of property-owner who has been responsible for keeping them in existence.

But we can find no shred of justification for this callous ruin of poor and decent people.

The price of zeal

Moreover, some of the little shops that are condemned cannot by any stretch of imagination be classed as "slum property."

To over-zealous officialdom any poor district is now reckoned as a slum—though, oddly enough, the real slums are often overlooked.

Unless the authorities show more discretion they will produce an evil quite as bad as the one they are seeking to end.

Shorter hours

Naturally, we welcome the determination of the Trades Union Council to secure a forty-hour working week, for we have long advocated this policy.

Only the most backward employers will deny that it would do a great deal towards restoring general prosperity.

Everyone else realises that shorter hours means the employment of more men who, in spending their wages, will provide work for many others, and so on.

Same pay

As we have shown, quite a number of employers have already adopted the plan.

Prosecute the Radio "Crashers"!

A Very Wonderful Mother



Out he goes; his life savings lost; not a penny compensation

The latest is Thurnscoe Council, Yorks., which is putting into operation a forty-hour week without reduction of pay.

Like the T.U.C. we believe that wages should be kept up but that doesn't prevent us from admiring the workers in depressed industries who are accepting less pay to help find work for others.

Big-hearted sacrifice

Consider the revolution that is taking place in the Welsh tinplate industry. Hours are being reduced from eight to six a day and unemployed workers are being steadily absorbed. This involves those already employed in a small wage loss, but they are accepting it cheerfully to help their jobless comrades.

None can say that their sacrifice is not worth while.

Strike we like

In South Wales, also, is a strike which we hope will prove successful. Hundreds of parents in the Rhondda area are refusing to allow their youngsters to walk a mile and a half to school along bleak and lonely roads.

Many of the tiny tots attending an infants' school, which has been closed, were actually receiving milk because they were suffering from malnutrition!

We fail to see how long walks in all sorts of weather can be expected to improve their health.

Parents' plight

Equally serious is the plight of many parents who, because of a reckless economiania, are compelled to nurse their fever-stricken children at home.

A typical case is that of a Liverpool man who cannot afford to pay the doctor's bill, being out of work, and who is told by hospital charities and the education authority that "they don't help fever cases."

That is hardly surprising, for fever cases should be sent to hospital. But must that father starve himself to pay the doctor, or must the doctor work for nothing?

Expensive heroism

And we must sympathise with the fishermen of Filey, who are finding it costly to live up to the heroic tradition of the sea.

Three times lately they have gone to the rescue of boats in distress, losing many hours' fishing. But though their bravery saved the cost of launching the lifeboat, they haven't received a penny compensation.

We shall be sorry if they feel com-

pelled to set a limit to their gallantry, but we shan't be surprised.

Jungle fashions

Gallantry, though, doesn't appear to be the strong suit of one of their fellow-Yorkshiremen, the Rev. Picton Francis.

He describes the "shorts" worn by girl holiday-makers as "indecorous, unmannerly, unbecoming and brazen," and talks about bringing us down to "the jungle life."

We fear that a few more parsons like the Rev. Picton Francis would make a lot of holiday-makers sigh for the jungle life.

Mother-love

Now enjoying her first holiday for thirty years is Mrs. Bartle, wife of an out-of-work Glamorgan miner.

Mother of nineteen children, she has adopted three more! For a sad reason, unfortunately, for they are the little ones of her married daughter who lately died.

Mrs. Bartle has been sent to the palatial home for poor mothers that has been opened in the Vale of Glamorgan, an institution that we should like to see copied elsewhere.

Callous parents

Some of the care bestowed by that poor woman on her twenty-two charges is badly needed by the five-year-old son of William Wisenden and his wife, who are certainly not poor.

This Epsom couple went off in their car one day and left him locked in a room from 9.30 a.m. till ten at night.

And they seemed to think it a good excuse that he had been given a meal before they left and would have another one at night.

Where it hurts

We are glad they have each been fined £15, plus £5 ss. costs, and have been bound over in the sum of £20.

Cruelty to children is increasing—and much of it is due to middle-class parents who should be hit where it hurts most—the pocket!

Why?

Another shocking story centres round the family of seven who are living in an old 'bus at Eastwood, near Southend. Some of the five children are said to sleep in a "lean-to," while the 'bus itself is only six feet high.

The magistrates have ordered the matter to be reported to the medical officer, but why should our local officers have to be told their obvious duty?

Lucky lad

We can't help telling you once more about our astonishing lay magistrates. This time it is the Sittingbourne Bench which excites our wonder. Before it appeared a youth charged with an indecent assault on a seven-year-old girl.

The chairman pointed out that the young man was liable to six months' imprisonment, but added, "Fortunately

for him, his counsel had been one of the right sort, and had given him the very best possible advice." So the youth was merely put on probation!

Safety last there

We suppose that Barnet Council, Herts, has some consideration for the lives of its citizens, though you might not think so at first.

For the council is protesting against the pedestrian safety-lanes painted in that busy town by the Ministry of Transport!

However, it thinks the crossings are an additional source of danger—though they have been wholly successful elsewhere.

Needed warning

But we do agree with the council in its objection to the Ministry's plan to abolish the warning signs near the crossings.

Such signs are particularly needed now that the painted white lines are being superseded in most places by steel studs, which cannot be seen by the motorist until his car is within a yard or two of them.

We hope the Minister of Transport will take the hint.

Persecution

And the parking problem is as bad as ever. We hear of commercial travellers who have been fined a dozen times for leaving their cars unattended, though obviously they are forced to do so in the course of their work.

It's no remedy to suggest that they should first ask permission of a policeman. In many towns there are no parking places at all.

This is another matter about which Mr. Hore-Bellisha should wake up our local authorities.

Broadcasters we hate

Why have the wireless "gate-crashers" been allowed to go scot-free? Those people who have walked up to the microphone in restaurants to shout anti-Fascist slogans may have the right sentiments, but we dislike their methods.

We should have been glad if they had been handed over to the police to deter other cranks who may be tempted to follow their example.

Come down

"A vampire in the theatre," as we described Herbert Powell when, last June, we exposed his impudent frauds, has been sentenced at Bow Street to a year's hard labour.

The magistrate agreed with us that Powell "had been recklessly carrying on a system of fraud," so we are all the more surprised that he was only charged with obtaining credit without disclosing that he was an undischarged bankrupt.

East and West

We used to think of the East as barbarous and the West as civilised.

Well, the beheading of criminals by the sword is to be stopped in Siam, and they are to be shot instead. But Hitler has taken to executing the people he doesn't like by the axe.

So even Siam can teach Hitler something.

The Fragrant Minute.

UP AGAIN

"I'll lie me down and bleed awhile, and then I'll rise and fight again." That's what I call true, gallant style. Give me such courage when in pain. When sorrow's sword has pierced my heart, these are the words that I would say, "Now from the world I'll draw apart and bleed awhile, just for to-day."

I'll bleed awhile, but on the morrow I will arise and with fresh strength ignore the wound dealt me by sorrow and start again the journey's length. Since none of us can go through life without a wound, without a blow, without some reckoning with strife, well, then, this courage we must show. Withdraw a moment from the fight, wounded a bit but far from slain; to-morrow's dawn, to-morrow's light will find us fighting hard again.

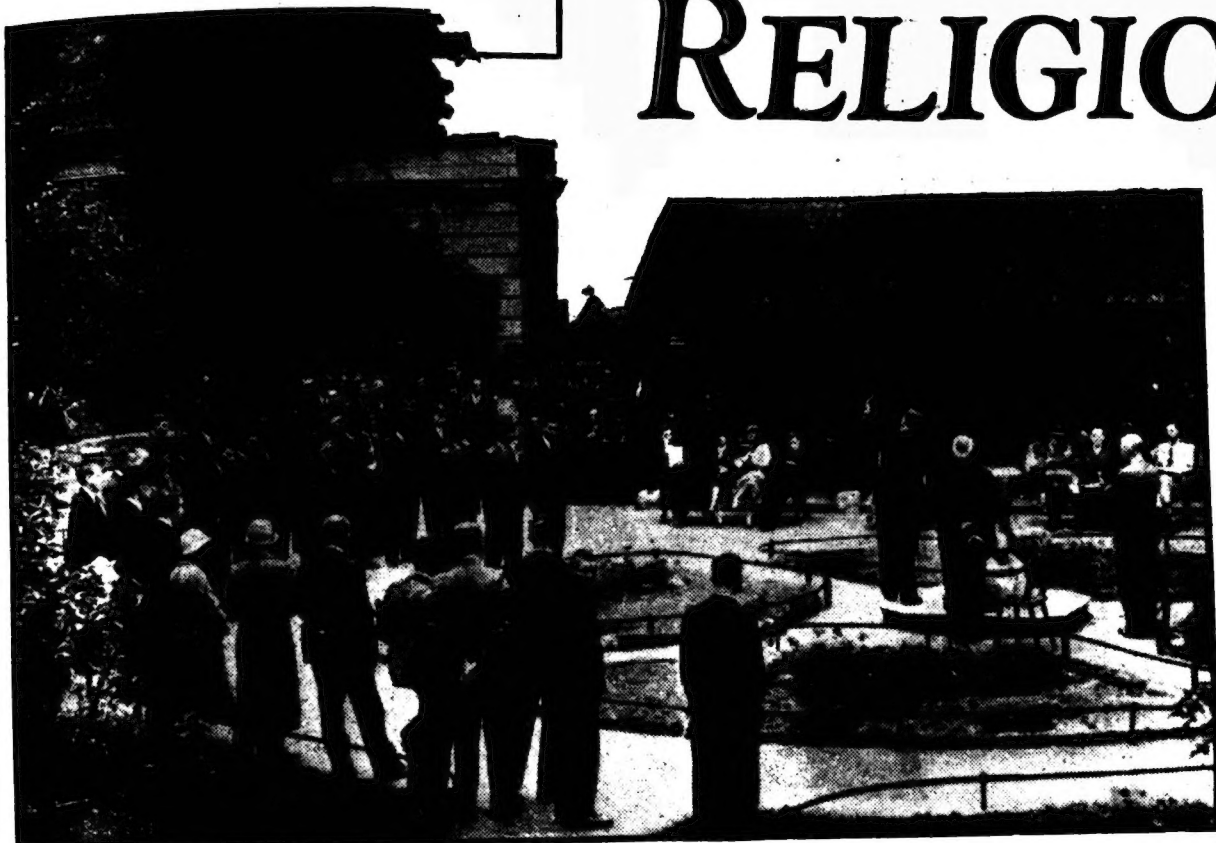
Wilhelmina Stitch.

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Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

By
the Bishop of
CHELMSFORD
(Dr. Henry A. Wilson)

BACK to WAYSIDE RELIGION



The sundial in Postman's Park in the City of London is a wayside pulpit—occupied in this picture by a chartered accountant

I HAVE been asked the question: Do you think it would be a good thing to revive Wayside Religion? Although I am not certain exactly what is meant by the term Wayside Religion, I can say at once that I think almost any experiment is worth trying in these days to overcome the reluctance of such enormous numbers of people to come to church.

The other Sunday I went down to a popular seaside resort, and for nearly three miles the beach was literally packed with week-enders and holiday-makers. Cars stood parked in solid conglomerations, almost touching one another. Makeshift screens of towels sheltered thousands of bathers who were changing their clothes.

When I thought of the hopelessness of persuading all these heedless crowds to attend some form of religious worship my heart sank.

Even if someone could have found elbow room to hold a beach service, I feel sure the crowd would have regarded it as an unwarrantable intrusion. Perhaps the police would have stepped in and asked him to move on!

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EVERYWHERE in and around London one sees these huge crowds of people whose lives are divided between absorption in soulless daily work and idle pleasure. Religion plays no part in their existence. Nor is it enough for parsons to wait in hopes that they will one day come to church, for experience shows that they stay away. It is not as if they were all of them indifferent to the claims of Christianity. I feel convinced that large numbers would like to make contact with organised religion, but they are too shy to come to church.

A man feels that he has stayed away from church for so long that it would provoke comment if he suddenly began to attend. The parson, he thinks, would be astonished to see him there, and he would feel self-conscious and foolish. Neighbours catching sight of him would nudge one another, and he would be chaffed about it by his fellow-travellers going up in the train. If he is a working-man he would feel awkward in his Sunday best, and shy of going in his working clothes.

It is a remarkable thing that a great many habitual non-churchgoers will attend when the church is darkened, as, for instance, when there are lantern services. Surely this proves that what

is keeping them away is shyness of being seen in church?

How are we to overcome this shyness? The suggestion is that if people will not come to church, the church must go to them. There are those who say that the Church is fossilising inside its four walls and must come out into the open, preach at the street corners and hold services by the wayside.

There is nothing novel about this suggestion. In the Middle Ages there were people known as Preaching Friars, who went about the country spreading the Word of God in the streets and market squares, or wherever people happened to be gathered. Although these friars deteriorated into charlatans who sold bogus relics, they were originally on a higher spiritual level than the average priest, and they aroused a good deal of jealousy and hostility in consequence of this.

Could we have anything like the Preaching Friars in England to-day? Conditions have changed very greatly. Education, Politics and the Press have made people critical and argumentative. To make a success of wayside preaching, men would have to be trained specially for the work.

Our religious system breeds a quiet, intellectual type of parson. If you set such a man to preach at street corners, perhaps to be heckled by disputatious onlookers, he would often be completely at sea.

At the same time something of the kind has already been tried successfully in the North. The Merseyside Mission made use of a panel of experienced open-air speakers formed in Liverpool to take part in their crusades.

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THESE speakers, who placed themselves at the disposal of the clergy, helped with dock-yard meetings and addressed the crowds at football matches. Services have been held for actors and actresses at the Empire Theatre, Liverpool, for business men outside the City Exchanges, and for workers outside the factory gates.

Although I do not think that anything of this kind can ever take the place of sacramental religion, I agree that it might serve as the thin end of the wedge.

Often there is a desire for religion found in the most unlikely places. I hear that the Y.M.C.A.

in Aldersgate Street arranged for open-air preaching every Monday this summer in the heart of the City of London. The sun-dial in Postman's Park is turned into a Wayside Pulpit, and during the lunch hour one may sometimes see it occupied by a stockbroker.

There is no doubt that many people who shrink from the formal atmosphere of a traditional Sunday morning service will take an interest in religion if they can be made to feel at home.

Down at Jaywick Sands, near Clacton, we are making an experiment which is turning out very successfully. A small mission church has been built there, and to make holiday folk feel at home

we encourage them to wear practically any clothes they wish when they come to services. It is quite a common thing to see sidesmen in white flannel trousers and open shirts, and the girls sometimes come in their beach attire.

No doubt there is a certain amount of spiritual ossification due to the rigid forms and practices of some churches, and the spread of Wayside Religion might do something to remedy this. For myself, I would not mind how people dressed, or where the services were held, provided they took a real interest in religion.

In a new church at Brentwood which I consecrated earlier this year there is a special pulpit built on the outside wall facing the main road. From here, when the weather is fine, the parson delivers special addresses for motorists—a symbolic act showing that the Church makes its call to men and women as they pass in the roads and streets.

How many people in these days will answer a call of this kind?

Usually passers-by are in too much of a hurry to get somewhere or to do something. The week-end motor trip often takes the place of the Sunday church service, and there is much to be said for the movement in which seventy churches have joined to provide special services for motorists throughout the summer months.

The vicars of these churches have informed the R.A.C. that motorists and others in travelling clothes will be welcome at morning and evening services. Parking facilities are provided, and some churches even supply refreshments for people who are hungry and thirsty after travelling long distances. At Walton there are similar services for walkers in hiking dress.

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BUT, after all, Christianity was never meant to be something which is confined to the forms and ceremonial of the churches. The point of it is that it should be remembered and applied at all times of the day, no matter what we may happen to be doing. For this reason I see nothing unseemly or out of place in the so-called "Tee-Head" services which are being held on the municipal golf-courses at Leeds before the first ball is struck off on Sundays.

The motor-car and the golf-courses are not the only things which have helped to change the religious outlook of people to-day.

The growth of education has made the average man more sophisticated than of old, and consequently the appeal of a preacher must be addressed to the reason and intelligence of his hearers rather than to their crude emotions.

In the days of Sankey and Moody it was possible to hold revivalist meetings up and down the country and to shock people out of their spiritual lethargy by preaching the Gospel of an angry God and the Judgment to Come.

But such sentiments would hardly be listened to now, except possibly in remote parts of Wales. If Wayside Religion is to succeed, it will have to be conducted on quieter, more intellectual lines. It will have to be couched in terms more suited to the modern mind.

Christ Himself was a wayside preacher, and if He were in England to-day, can we doubt that He would go among the people wherever He found them gathered together, drawing parallels and metaphors from incidents in their everyday lives, using arguments and illustrations exactly suited to their mentality, just as He did among the people of Palestine two thousand years ago?

He was the greatest of all opportunists, and no doubt He intended His followers to be opportunists too. New ideas should be tried. If Wayside Religion can reawaken an interest in Christianity and draw people into the churches again, I think it should be given a fair trial.

'Black Holes' of the HOPFIELDS

THE annual outburst of complacent and sentimental guff about the "Hoppers' Holiday" is once again in full blast. Special writers on certain newspapers, whose only acquaintance with the hopfields is a half-hour's sojourn on a main line platform where the pickers' trains steam out, are, as usual, begging their stock of ecstatic adjectives to describe that great exodus.

These "beaming East-End mothers," "happy crowds of children," and "joyful fathers," we are told, are exchanging their dark and crowded slums for a few weeks in Paradise. "A holiday and being paid for it!"

A "holiday" they call it! They forget the first-class row which was staged in the House of Commons as recently as last February concerning the living conditions of hop-pickers in Herefordshire and Worcestershire.

The storm

Even the Minister of Health was shocked out of his official calm. He promised the most stringent action. He went out of his way to suggest that the growers in question should be pilloried by the publication of their names. But even Sir Hilton Young could not get their names.

The Staffordshire Education Committee, who made the first complaint, eventually acted without the Ministry's assistance.

So convinced were they of the terrible menace to the health and morals of the pickers' children that after the last season they took the drastic step of altering the period of school holidays, so that children would have to be at school when the season started, or the parents would be punished.

That decision merely hurt thousands of poor families but did not touch the conditions which caused the decision. It did not touch the growers who considered that cess-pool fringed cowsheds were fit abodes for little children.

It was a good storm while it lasted, but the trouble was that it did not last long enough, and it achieved nothing except to throw an extra burden on the hop-pickers themselves.

To show how little it changed the

conditions under which they make "holiday" there is the report, made only a few days ago, of Dr. Fay, of the Ledbury Rural Council, in the same district.

'Disgusting'

After a tour round this hopfield "paradise" he described one farm, where he said the pickers had to wade through inches of filth to reach a barn used as sleeping quarters.

The barn was dilapidated and close by was a pool in a terrible state. "A more disgusting and filthy sight I have never seen in my life," he said.

The attitude of this particular farmer towards the men, women and children he was employing and at the same time herding worse than cattle, is typical of that of scores of other hop growers.

When Dr. Fay questioned him about the conditions, the man curtly said that improvements were "unnecessary."

With regard to the conditions under which 5,000 pickers and their children were living in other places in that area the doctors concerned could only report that they were "reasonably good."

Hypocrisy

There never has been so much hypocrisy surrounding a public evil as in this matter of the living conditions provided for the great army of hop-pickers. The well-known soothing and soporific properties of hops seem to have pervaded all Government discussion of the matter. All action has been considered from a hop pillow.

Between 60,000 and 80,000 men, women and children are now

engaged on a hop-picking "holiday" in Kent, Sussex and the West and North Midlands. Their employers, owing to the introduction of the Hop Marketing scheme last year, are all guaranteed a handsome profit.

But very few of these growers, now given a present of what amounts to a monopoly and assured of a permanent lucrative income, have done anything to improve accommodation for the pickers. In the majority of cases the arrangements are little better than they have been for generations, and they are revolting and barbarous.

On some farms in Kent the pickers live in ramshackle huts, in many cases without flooring. Bedding consists of straw, and sometimes two or three families occupy each hut. There are huts where the only ventilation is the door. If it rains, the ground outside becomes a quagmire, through which children paddle in and out between the huts and the hop-bins.

Huts for them

Sanitary arrangements in most cases barely reach the war-time level adopted by soldiers in the front line. Cooking arrangements are what can be provided by the pickers themselves, often only a crude brazier made from a hole-punched bucket. Ablutions for women and children are performed behind sacking screens placed in the open.

In some cases huts used during

the rest of the year for storing artificial manure for the fields provide the accommodation for human beings when the manure is moved out. Others are often used as winter shelter for cattle.

Their excuse

To quote from a report of a tour made last year by an M.P.: "Fourteen people of two separate families sleep in a large one-room hut and five or six of one family in a small hut. They have corrugated iron roofs, and there is one lavatory perhaps to each 100 adults. Yet the people are quite resigned, saying it was passed as 'sanitary.'"

That is a description of one farm mentioned as being "slightly better" than others visited. The growers have always pleaded the transient nature of the hop-pickers' jobs as an excuse for not providing civilised accommodation. And by arguing that the tenancy of the huts for hop-picking is purely temporary, they have managed to scrape past the sanitary and health regulations.

But in many cases that excuse does not work.

On some farms the huts now occupied by hop-pickers' families have just been vacated by fruit-pickers; many of them itinerants, who have been living in them for weeks.

One lot has moved out and another moved in, with scarcely any interval for cleaning these hovels, which are thus continually occupied for perhaps three months.

The hop-picking season is the annual nightmare for the overworked County



HE'S BUSY NOW!

FIRESIDE nights are coming. The chimney sweep is one of the busiest men in any district. His brush, bobbing from a chimney pot like a head from a fairground barrel, provides enjoyment for the children around.

In an East Riding home the usual bustle of getting the house ready for the great event was more feverish than usual because repairs to the chimney itself had to be carried out.

The lower half of the chimney was packed well with material that would take the blow of any debris that might fall and so protect the grate. Finally a large sheet was hung in front of the mantelpiece to prevent the ingress of dust and soot.

Then, at the height of it all, for what

reason could not be discovered, the whole lot caught fire, the flames spreading to the room itself.

A fireman who was called minimised the damage, with the help of neighbours. But even then it was a sad blow for the housewife, to whom the cost of chimney repairs alone was no small matter.

* * *

"On our income I hardly know how things are going to be replaced," she wrote to JOHN BULL.

Well, we told her—with a cheque. As a registered reader of JOHN BULL she was entitled to the help we gave.

She had filled in and forwarded to us a coupon which appears again to-day on page 38. Have you?



THE HOLIDAY

that means Living like CATTLE

Medical Officers. They go into action on a war-time basis, complete with nurses, portable hospitals, gallons of antiseptics and boxes of disease serums and antitoxins.

They can do little or nothing to alter existing conditions. The number of sanitary inspectors is inadequate for the districts to be covered, and camp supervision and discipline in many places is non-existent.

The Medical Officers can merely put down their hospitals, lay down the lines of their preventive communications, and then hold on and pray that an epidemic will not arise and smite them.

To add to their worries this year there is a water shortage for drinking, cooking and washing purposes. This year, also, an additional number of pickers have been taken on by the growers because of bumper crops and certain profits. Within a small radius of Paddock Wood—one district alone—there are 12,000 people suddenly dumped down and "encamped."

Nothing achieved

The Medical Officers are under no illusions as to what they have to cope with, but the utmost they can do is prepare for emergencies which should never be allowed to arise and occasionally to give vent to their feelings in such damning reports as that submitted to the Kent County Council a few seasons ago. That report, however, was never published.

If anything, conditions in other districts than Kent, such as Warwickshire and Herefordshire, are even worse.

Committees from councils like Dudley and Tipton, from which towns many of the pickers come, have made reports and

complaints of the housing accommodation provided for hop-pickers' women and children.

"In most instances," said one report, "lofts, stores, cowsheds and stables were used. Only in a few instances was there any attempt to partition off space available for sleeping. In most cases the sleeping accommodation fell far short of what is desirable." But their reports and complaints have achieved little or nothing.

In these counties fruit and hops are

Homely Wisdom by
Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

A LETTER has just reached me from a reader in South Africa, who tells me a number of interesting things about that flourishing portion of the British Empire.

The writer says: "Things are going well with us out here, and at last we seem to be mastering the racial antagonism between Dutch and English and becoming one united people. I am a loyal Englishman myself, but I have confidence in our present leadership."

* * *

Then follows a statement which some readers may view with surprise. The writer continues: "I used to think of General Hertzog as an enemy of England. I know now that he is not. He could not be our enemy with such a wife as he has."

She is one of the finest women living, and her husband has a real reverence for her. He can be trusted to play the game honourably, for he would never do anything unworthy of her.

"She is always in the background, never in the limelight, but wherever she goes people are thankful for her presence. I have known her sit up night after night with a poor man suffering from a danger-

RED CROSS nurses in a Kentish hopfield tend the minor injuries of the hop-pickers. They pay particular attention to the welfare of the children

worked closely together, as in Kent, and the experience of forty-five women who went to pick at a farm near Hereford a few weeks ago is an instance of the treatment afforded by some farmers.

When these women arrived at the farm they were shown three tents and a heap of straw. They slept in their clothes for the first night as it was impossible to undress. Next morning they found that there was no sanitary accommodation, that the water supply was inadequate, and the water had to be boiled before it could be drunk.

Food had to be purchased from the owner's barn canteen unless they cared to walk two miles to the nearest shop. The prices charged at the canteen were more than they could afford to pay. Although they were told that all they had to bring from their homes were blankets, they found that nothing was provided without hiring or buying—even buckets to wash in.

Piggeries

After two nights and days of appalling conditions the women walked into Hereford and reported their experiences to the officials at the employment exchange, and a grant was made to enable them to return home.

The manager there has since stated that the women's reports were correct and steps would be taken to see that women were not engaged in future to work under these conditions.

At another farm over 100 men, women and children hop-pickers were herded together in four wooden huts, some of them little better than "lean-to's." On others, according to a Staffordshire Council report quoted by Mr. Alan Todd, M.P., the hop-pickers and their families were housed in piggeries and movable poultry-houses. Sanitary arrangements were conspicuous by their absence, and there was no separation of quarters for the sexes.

This M.P. described the conditions as appalling, and has strongly criticised the official secrecy which protects the names of offending farmers, who offer human beings worse accommodation than they give their beasts.

This protective smoke screen enshrouds the whole subject, and, together with the false sentiment and hypocrisy displayed by various public bodies, it has tended to keep conditions as they are.

Even the Church cannot be acquitted

of its share of blame. Over fifty years ago the *Times* led an attack on the living conditions of hop-pickers. It was replied to by Archdeacon Bligh, of Maidstone, who wrote deprecating the attack, but could only plead "that special mission services were held for the pickers."

To-day there are missions of every denomination in the hopfields, and there is much laudable hospital work carried out by voluntary workers from the religious bodies, but it is felt by many that the Church could have led in ceasing to tolerate the living conditions of the workers.

Clap-trap

Who, and what, is to blame for the present scandalous and abominable system?

In the first place the present Government should have insisted on provision for welfare of the workers being included in the Hop Marketing Scheme.

Actually all that was done was the issue of a circular to the growers shortly before the scheme was implemented reminding them of their responsibilities towards the hop workers. Nothing was done to insist on those responsibilities being fully carried out.

The present legislation for the welfare of the pickers is entirely parochial, chaotic and inadequate. In most places the authority is the rural district councils, which are for the most part packed with farmers and growers. They are not likely to, and in fact do not, take any action which means extra expense to themselves in the shape of proper housing and sanitary arrangements.

So the present situation remains, its reality obscured by the sentimental clap-trap of the annual "hopping holiday."

There are a few individual growers who realise their responsibilities as citizens and human beings towards their workers. The majority do nothing because there is nothing to compel them to improve matters.

His opportunity

Only one thing will end the scandal, and that is national legislation. It is too late to do anything this season, but before another comes along we hope that the Minister of Health will carry his oft-voiced indignation about hop-pickers' conditions into action.

We demand that the Government will at least take such steps to protect the lives and health of the hop workers, as they have done to protect the growers' pockets.

And to give these people, released from city slums, at least the appearance of a civilised existence during their few weeks' sojourn in their so-called "paradise."

In the BACKGROUND

ous illness until she pulled him through, and he is living and well to-day. If there were more people like her in the high places of the earth, the spectres of hate and fear would soon vanish."

This is a grand testimony to the quiet influence of one human being, and happily it does not stand alone.

Dean Inge is about to retire. For many years he has occupied one of the most conspicuous positions in this country and is universally regarded as a figure of international eminence.

He says he is now expecting to grow cabbages and be forgotten. He cannot mean it seriously, for it is impossible that so distinguished a personality should ever be forgotten.

* * *

But here again we have to take account of someone in the background. Everyone who knows Dean Inge's home life describes it as one of the sweetest and most harmonious in existence. His tribute to his little daughter Paula who died some years ago touched more hearts than anything else he has written.

Who is the good genius of this home life? The Dean makes no secret of it. We seldom hear much of Mrs. Inge, and the outside world will never know how

much it owes to her wise goodness as the inspiration of much of her husband's best work.

It is a good thing to be content to remain in the background of life and not to want to shine in any sphere. Not many are capable of it in the best way.

* * *

Some are willing enough to stay in the background, but not because they want to do their best with life: they are lazy and selfish and want to take as little trouble as possible. Others are always trying to push themselves into prominence and to occupy positions for which they are not fitted.

If they fall they are envious, discontented and unhappy. It is the comparative few who have found their right place and do not want to change nor to be applauded outside the circle of those they love.

Women, as a rule, can do this better than men, but men can do it, too. There is no talisman for peace of mind more potent than to accept your limitations cheerfully and do your best within them, neither attracting nor expecting the admiration of people you do not know and who do not know you.

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to Evangeline BOOTH

MY DEAR GENERAL,—I was just going to write you in terms of wholehearted and uncritical congratulation on your election as the new General of the Salvation Army when I read how you had expressed an opinion which is likely to lead you into trouble.

"My family has inherited the power and the will to lead," you said. "Who could have been better fitted to hold absolute power than my brother Bramwell?"

Now, all the troubles over the Booth tradition, all the bother about nepotism, were over, it seemed, in the Salvation Army. That unguarded phrase of yours is of a kind calculated to start it all over again. The Army will not stand "absolute power," even in the hands of such a determined woman as yourself.

You have been chosen as head of the Salvation Army, not because you are your father's daughter, but because, of all the people in the Salvation Army, you have the most personality and, in spite of your years, the most energy.

Although you have lived for a long time in the United States—indeed, you are an American citizen—you are as well known in this country as if you had been here all the time.

But you must remember that you went to New York, originally, because your brother Ballington, no doubt feeling "My family has inherited the power and the will to lead," was becoming too self-important. You went over to counteract his influence. He set up a rival body. You won. For, after your father, you were the greatest of the Booths.

* * *

They say, already, that Commissioner Catherine, your niece, was not elected last week because "her time will come."

Yet the Salvation Army is not the Booth family. All the Booths must learn that I thought they had done so.

The Salvation Army, properly directed, is one of the greatest powers for social amelioration in the world. Amelioration is not all, but it is important.

My own pleasure in your election is increased because, as a newspaper man—and, after all, a newspaper man cannot help being like that—I know that

you will put into the Army more life and colour and picturesqueness than it has known for years. You will make a "story" of it. We shall hear of you. A woman who can lead even the Democratic Party in prayer, as you did at the Chicago Convention two years ago, is a figure in the world.

We like, in Fleet Street, people with personality. You have more than almost any woman now alive. The very look of you proves that.

Millions will congratulate you. They must have been impressed, the other night, when they heard on the wireless how the President of the United States had sent you a personal message of congratulation! You see, he knows, as few people do, how there are in his country ten million unemployed, millions whose homes are wrecked by the collapse of the System he is trying to patch up. He cannot, if he would, create a new System. Nor can you.



FORGET the BOOTH Tradition!

But, in the years of calamity which the once-rich American people have suffered, you and the Salvation Army have done stretch work that has saved thousands of families from despair.

Your chief problem, I believe, will be the American organisation which you will soon leave. In the United States, you very naturally objected to a control, from London, which was too rigid. Now, in London, you will very naturally want to exercise that control.

Yes, many problems face you. Yours is one of the most difficult jobs in the world. I am glad you have decided that the old Salvation Army bonnets are not to go. They lend colour to our streets. Some people laugh at them, but they are by no means as ugly as many modern fashions, which change with the months.

I wonder whether, the other night, when you knew that you were the new General, your mind went back to your early days in London.

When you were a girl, they sent you to Marylebone. Those were the days of the Skeleton Army, when Salvationists were stoned and mocked. You, with

courage that was almost superhuman, broke that down, conquered it. It was, for a girl in her teens, a remarkable achievement. You had not only a natural heroism, you had faith.

* * *

Many who do not agree with your religious views may take courage, when they remember this. They, to-day, are opposing Tyranny. They, to-day, have their own ideas as to how to bring about a better order of society. Often, they face victimisation. Sometimes, they find their way into the dock.

Well, you won. Perhaps one day they will win.

Almost alone, you once went, years ago, to bleak, snow-swept Alaska, in the days of the Gold Rush. You have carried your faith into danger-spots where the armed forces of the law were repressing riots their very presence had caused. For much that you have done, we respect you.

Now, my dear General, forget this Booth tradition. Shed, as quickly as you can, all the ideas that your family, any more than any other family, has inherited "the power." It was because of that idea that, a few years ago, the Salvation Army was nearly wrecked.

Don't look back. Look forward!

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Sir LEONARD HILL, F.R.S.,
Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks

DEAR SIR LEONARD,—The defects in the panel system, which I have been exposing week by week, have made it clear that a drastic reorganisation is needed.

Your scheme is certainly drastic. You would abolish the panel entirely, believing that all doctors paid by the State should be attached to hospitals and clinics. This, I agree, would ensure that every patient would receive full attention and the best possible treatment.

You emphasise, too, that the panel doctor has no power to go into factories and order a holiday for those who need it, or to make changes in working conditions which would help to prevent disease.

There you are getting near the plan, told in these columns by Dr. Somerville Hastings, which would make every doctor a State official with very wide powers. But whatever is done, let us hope it will be done quickly!

JOHN BULL.

THE TOWN COUNCIL,
Southport, Lancs

GENTLEMEN,—At the cost of £170, you are presenting your ex-mayors with gold badges to be worn on official occasions.

That's an old way of wasting money. Can't you think of something new?

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,
Postmaster-General

DEAR P.M.G.—If you should ever wonder why your telegraph service is in low water, you might be told at least one reason by the 7,000 inhabitants of Lancing, Sussex.

For there you haven't a single mes-

senger boy, and people have to rely for the delivery of their telegrams on the good will of someone who has passed the post office!

Some of your telegraph chiefs must have been dead for years, but don't know it.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HERBERT WILLISON,
Birmingham Solicitor

DEAR SIR,—We should have the greater part of the country in asylums if some doctors had their way," you say, so you don't place much reliance on allegations of mental deficiency.

As I have proved that very many people shut up as "defectives" are perfectly sane, I'm wondering if those doctors you attack are the real lunatics.

JOHN BULL.

Lt.-Col. INNES WARE,
York Coroner

DEAR CORONER,—If suicide inquests were held in camera, you say, you would sometimes ask many more questions than you do.

I'm sorry to hear it, for most coroners already ask many more questions than they need.

They seem to forget that it's their job only to discover the cause of death, not to discuss the personal affairs of the victim.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ALBERT MIDDLETON,
St. Annes, Lancs

DEAR SIR,—If I owned a Rolls-Royce I shouldn't dream of asking for expenses," the coroner told you when you claimed expenses for attending an in-

quest on a child knocked down by your fine car.

But perhaps you have gained your Rolls-Royce by attending to such trifles.

Anyway, you were granted 11s. What are you going to do with it—put it towards a second car?

JOHN BULL.

Rev. A. E. H. BOTT,
Bottesford, Lincoln

DEAR VICAR,—Though "no rigid puritan," you dislike the Sunday opening of shops because children who are given a penny to take to church or Sunday school might be tempted to spend it!

Well, well, isn't that all too dreadful!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. G. SNOW,
Ilfracombe Council

SIR,—If the council can't afford to spend more on illuminations, you declared, it can't afford pensions for its employees.

Despite this stern warning, it persists in adopting a superannuation scheme—and I'm very glad.

I've no use for a man who thinks more of lights than of men.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. CHRISTIAN KUNZLE,
Birmingham

DEAR SIR,—The estate you inherited is at one of the healthiest places in the world—Davos, Switzerland.

All the more reason, you thought, why it should be used by sufferers from tuberculosis instead of being a pleasure resort for one man.

So sick children are there now—and I bet you are as pleased as they.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN WEDGWOOD,
Maryport, Cumberland

DEAR SIR,—In obedience to an old Cumbrian custom, you threw money to the crowd at your daughter's wedding. Unfortunately, there was an accident to a child during the scramble, and you were summoned for a breach of the by-laws.

It seems all wrong that in these hard times a man should be penalised for distributing a little superfluous money.

I notice that though the case was dismissed you had to pay costs. I should have thought you had paid out enough.

JOHN BULL.

HENRY JAMES EDWARDS,
Battersea

ROGUE,—By preying on the hopes of unemployed men you induced them to invest their money in a "dud" business, so your ideas about comradeship seem to have changed since the war, when you won the D.C.M. for gallantry.

Known to the police as a heartless swindler, you are now to spend fifteen months in jail.

But take a look at that D.C.M. when you come out.

JOHN BULL.

THE MAGISTRATES,
Leicester

YOUR WORSHIPS,—I wish you would remit part of the £2 15s. fine you imposed on a man who used bad language.

His employer sacked him because of the conviction. Though he has found a job in another town, his wages are only 30s., and he has to send £1 to his wife, who has obtained your permission to pay the fine in instalments.

That man has been punished far too much.

JOHN BULL.

by A. G.
GARDINER

THESE was no passage in Mr. Conley's presidential address to the Trades Union Congress more welcome than that which insisted on the urgency of raising the school-leaving age for children. It was welcome because the impulse in this matter must come from the general body of the people of whom the T.U.C. is the most organised and most powerful expression. It was weighty because it stated with unanswerable force the case for a reform, the delay in effecting which is a national disgrace and is fast assuming the character of a national peril.

It is the peril with which we are most immediately concerned. We are passing through a period of industrial stress of unprecedented severity. The problem of finding employment for our people has become the nightmare of the Government. With the development of machine production and the world tendency towards economic nationalism that nightmare will continue.

Bad times ahead?

During the past twelve months there has been a gratifying ebb in the tide of unemployment from the high water mark of 1931-32 but the figure still stands at the alarming level of 2,136,578.

And there is unhappily reason to fear that the tide has once more turned. The returns for July and August show a sinister increase in the number of unemployed, and Mr. Runciman has warned us that the home market has reached saturation point and that without an improvement in world trade we must be prepared for worse times.

In a word, we are threatened with a permanent surplussage of labour fluctuating between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000. Such a degree of unemployment in pre-war days would have meant revolution. The establishment of unemployment insurance has fortunately saved us from that catastrophe, but it has not saved industry from the burden of maintaining this mass of unproductive labour.

Nor has it prevented an even worse consequence—the moral and physical deterioration of vast masses of our fellow citizens, who are condemned to a life of idleness, hopelessness and despair.

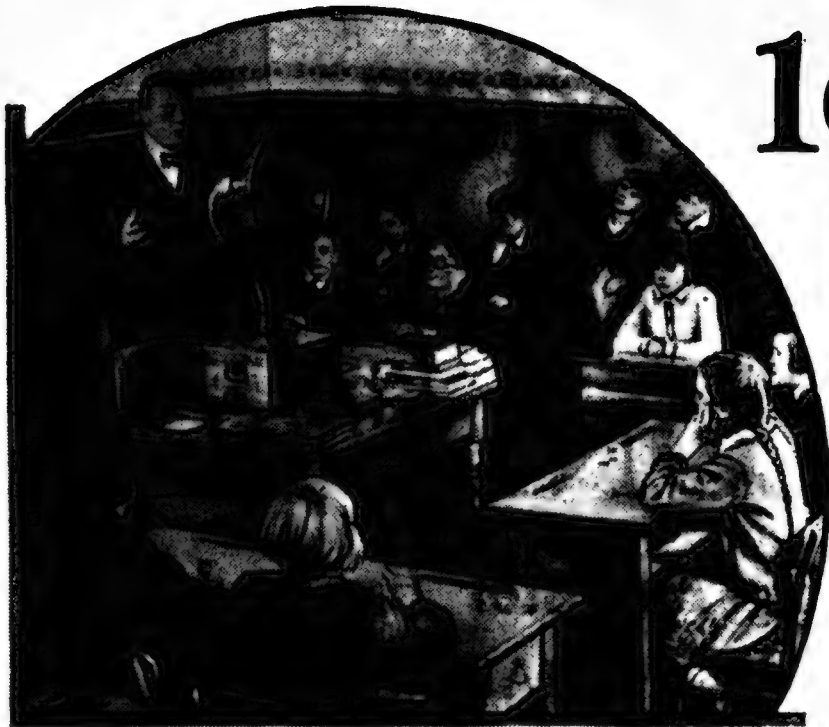
What is the plain duty of the Government, faced with this menace to the very foundation of a healthy community? It is to attack the contributory causes of unemployment. One of the chief of these causes is the competition of children at one end of the scale and the competition of the aged and inefficient at the other end of the scale.

Child job-snatchers!

These things did not matter when there was more work to be done than there were hands to do it. But with the shrinkage of the volume of employment it is monstrous and wasteful that adult, able-bodied workmen should be left derelict on the kerb-stones of our towns while children who ought to be at school are brought into the labour market to aggravate the problem of unemployment for their seniors.

Yet that is what has happened, is happening, and will happen with increased momentum during the next few years unless the Government can be induced to change its policy on this great question.

It will happen with increased momentum for this reason. Just after the war there was a brief burst of prosperity and a consequent boom in marriage. The birth-rate went up, and this year



100,000 DOOMED Children

'The country cannot afford to keep these children at school for another year.' But can the country afford not to do so?

witnesses the advent of these post-war children to the ranks of industry.

It is estimated that in 1935 the number of boys and girls of 14 to 18 will exceed that of 1933 by 115,000. In 1936 the excess over 1933 will be 306,000. In 1937 it will be 443,000. After that, it is true, there will be a decline, but even in 1940 the number of juveniles available for employment will, it is estimated, still be 167,000 above the figure of 1933.

What follows? Either these children are absorbed by industry, in which case they will still further drive their seniors on to the kerb-stone, or they are themselves left at the most critical moment of their lives to swell the ranks of the unemployed.

I do not know which alternative is the worse. Probably the second. The workless adult on the pavement is a pathetic figure, but the boy of fourteen left derelict on the threshold of the school is a menace to the future.

Breeding loafers

No one who has seen at close quarters this problem of the unemployed boy in such areas as Durham, Lancashire and South Wales can doubt its gravity. A generation is coming into being which has never worked and probably never will work. At the best it will be a generation of loafers. At the worst it will be a generation of criminals.

This generation of what I may call the Disinherited numbers at this moment about 100,000. But, as the figures I have given indicate, it is going to increase by

leaps and bounds in the next three years. In Durham alone there are 10,000 young persons unemployed.

What is the Government doing about it? It is doing two things—excellent in their way. It is reducing the age at which boys come under the insurance scheme from 16 to 14, and it is strengthening and making more or less compulsory the scheme for continuation courses up to the age of 18. I say nothing against these or similar schemes, such as the Junior Instructional Centres for young unemployed persons. They are all to the good.

But they leave the problem itself untouched. They will not diminish the unemployment figures by a unit. Nothing will do that except taking the children off the labour market altogether up to the age of 15. This would keep 400,000 young people from competing in industry during the next few years. In doing so it would give a chance of employment to most, if not all, of the young people from 14 to 18 at present unemployed and would give the possibility of work for many of the older people in addition.

What is it that stands in the way of this simple and practical scheme for reducing the evil of unemployment? It is certainly not the interests of the children. No one doubts that it would be better for them to spend another year at school than to be turned adrift to idle in the streets or to still further aggravate the unemployment evil.

Even apart from that consideration the case for raising the school age is overwhelming. It has been stated again and again by every competent authority on

the subject, from the Hadow Committee downwards.

For physical and mental reasons the most critical year in a child's development is that of 14 to 15. It is then that maturity begins and the mind widens its range and becomes really capable of education. All that has gone before is preliminary. It is in this year that the harvest is gathered, the character is formed and the impulse to a good life and good citizenship is given.

Nor can the Government plead lack of support for the idea as the ground of their refusal to adopt it. The great educational bodies of the country are almost unanimous in favour of the scheme, and the School Age Council, formed to promote it, includes the names of the two Archbishops and most of those concerned for the highest interests of the nation.

And the argument comes from without the country as well as from within. Countries with a higher school-leaving age than 14 include Bavaria, the United States, parts of Canada, Hungary, Latvia, Norway, Switzerland, South Africa, and Russia.

National peril

There is, in short, one obstacle only that blocks the way. It is finance. It is stated that the experiment would cost £8,000,000 of money and that the country cannot afford it.

But this estimate of the cost takes no account of the savings that would accrue. It is cheaper to keep children at school than to keep them on the unemployment fund. It is more economical to have their elders employed than to flood the market with child labour. And the cost of keeping children another year at school would be largely met by economies in such directions as the Junior Instruction Centres, which would, as Mr. Conley said, no longer be necessary.

In the face of these facts, the T.U.C. does well to lend its powerful influence to remove what is not merely a national disgrace, but a national peril.

Not from
the B.B.C.—

Hoaxing the Highbrows

THE caviare seems tasteless and the vodka's lost its kick. And Bloomsbury feels like standing on its head. Since its hero, Paul Klenovsky, last week numbered with the quick, Has this week joined the legion of the dead.

There was something so exotic in the harmonies he wrought, The melancholy of the Muscovite Was poured forth in his music; so the cognoscenti fought To hear it and they burred with delight!

The snow-clad steppes of Russia in his melodies took shape, The Volga rolled and rumbled to the sea; And now Klenovsky's passed away, slain by a heedless jape, We cannot even murmur "R.I.P."

Yes, Russia's gifted genius is gone beyond recall, While Bloomsbury is plunged in bitter mood By the painful revelation that the mighty works of Paul Were written by an Englishman named Wood!

It is because Sir Henry Wood is not only a gifted musician but a keen psy-

chologist that he decided to rob Petrograd to boost Paul.

Knowing the passion of musical snobs for composers born in Omak, Tomak and similar centres of light and leading, when, five years ago, he orchestrated a Bach toccata and fugue, Sir Henry ushered it into the world as the work of one "Paul Klenovsky."

Did the musical snobs fall for Paul? Oh, boyaki, I'll say they did! Year after year at the Proms, they clamoured for more Klenovsky, and Sir Henry, his baton in his hand and his tongue in his beard, maliciously obliged.

Lately, however, the joke had, so to speak, begun to Paul. So its author decided to let the catski out of the bagovitch, by revealing that, although the gifted Klenovsky might have been a Rookhan or a Prooshan or else I-tal-i-an, he had, greatly to his discredit, elected to be born an Englishman, to wit, Henry Wood.

Is it any wonder that Bloomsbury now feels like eating its funny hat? In future it will scarcely dare lisp that something is "so typically Slavonic" lest it should turn out to have been made in Birmingham.

Members of some ultra-select literary circles have also been rendered nervous by Sir Henry's wicked jest and are now moderating their gush over Dottyveski's powerful psychological drama, "Twilight

in a Sewer," in case this immortal work should turn out to have been written by the author of "Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber."

Nor has the hint contained in Sir Henry's hoax been lost on a number of Wood-be geniuses, both literary and musical. For these are now attempting to overcome the disadvantage of British birth by taking out denaturalisation papers, acquiring suitably exotic names, stifling an instinctive liking for beer in favour of vodka, growing whiskers, and cultivating music in the hair and an expression of settled melancholy.

If you're anxious for to shine In the high æsthetic line, You will merely call forth mirth If the critical elect Should have reason to suspect You're a bloke of English birth!

Even though you chance to wear Long and straw-entangled hair, You can never hope for fame When you write a symphony If that magic suffix "ski" Does not figure in your name!

But, if careful in your choice Of your parents, you rejoice In a name that's like a sneeze, Ev'ry anti-English snob In the concert-going mob You are pretty sure to please!

JOHN BULL

His Disgrace

The DUKE of LONDON

Amazing Impostor Exposed
by SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

I HAVE discovered a most interesting and unique "nobleman" whose operations range from the staging of sumptuous parties to the solving of grave diplomatic problems, which he pretends he has to undertake constantly for the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

He is Mr. Oswald Percival Murray, of Hertford Street, Mayfair, London, who for months past has posed as a member of the Diplomatic Corps, a secret liaison officer in the employ of the Foreign Office, and a highly placed officer of the Military Intelligence Department attached to Scotland Yard.

The various services he has rendered for this country, according to his amazing stories, have been of so important a character that he was some time ago honoured by the King with a Dukedom. He is, he has frequently averred, His Grace the Duke of London.

Big talk

He talks intimately of such prominent people as Lord Trenchard, Lord Hailsham and Lord Sankey—the present Lord Chancellor—and ingratiates his way into the company of wealthy men and women with the most astonishing stories of confidential enquiries he is supposed to have undertaken for Sir John Simon and other eminent lawyers.

In some instances he has passed as a fully fledged Major-General of the Southern Command—a position he has never held outside the scope of his own richly coloured imagination.

One of his victims is a man who, until recently, was in business as a wine merchant in the West End of London. Murray approached this man and stated that he was the owner of a luxurious flat in the vicinity of Regent's Park, at which he proposed to hold a few select receptions.

These, he declared, would be attended by certain distinguished people, and ordered large consignments of wines and spirits.

Strange guests

The confidence of the wine merchant was obtained after Murray had regaled him with stories about his secret activities, and the fact that he had to do a good deal of entertaining owing to his important position in diplomatic circles.

It is now quite clear that Murray did hold several functions at his Regent's Park establishment, but some of his guests were far from being distinguished.

When the wine merchant had the temerity to present his bill, Murray was as profuse in his excuses as he had been in his impressive stories when placing the orders.

The accounts he ran up in this connection have not been settled to this day.

In another case this spurious nobleman got in touch with a man who was anxious to open some sort of business which could be worked up to provide a lucrative return on his capital.

Mr. Murray, who is never lost for words or ideas, was most helpful with suggestions, and in due course suggested that—with his influence with the Customs and Excise authorities—the wine and spirit trade was the best to exploit.

Promised profits

Having travelled so much on the Continent he knew all there was to be known about the importation of foreign wines, and promised excellent profits if the other man could put up sufficient capital and induce his friends to do the same.

Substantial sums of money thus passed to "His Grace the Duke of London," and

eventually a company was formed on the lines he had suggested.

Other investors were obtained, and an office was taken near Piccadilly in which this self-confessed spy and alleged diplomat officiated in his real name of Murray.

Dramatic indeed were some of the latter's operations from that time onwards.

He made several trips to the Continent, and told his investors that he covered all the journeys by a military aeroplane.

He even hinted that, to assist him in coping with his multitudinous official duties, a machine was kept always at his immediate disposal at Hendon.

Of course, as is now established beyond



Lord Sankey (above), Lord Hailsham (left) and Sir John Simon. The "Duke" has the effrontery to tell that he is in the confidence of these men

doubt, this story was false from beginning to end.

His behaviour in connection with a certain "luxury" night club in the West End, which had been raided by the police and a subsequent conviction recorded against it, is almost unbelievable in many respects.

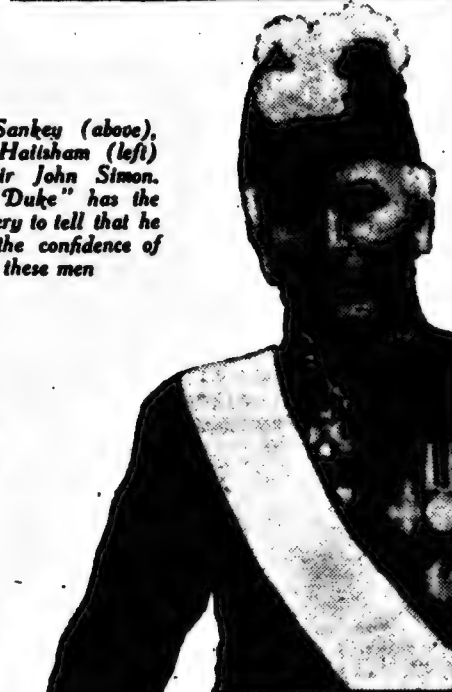
Following complaints which were received by the authorities concerning certain curious occurrences at this club a detective gained admittance in the guise of a retired Guards officer.

The "mermaid"

There a curious performance, known to the club proprietors and frequenters as a "Mermaid Exhibition," was enacted. The draped figure of a woman was exhibited in a glass tank, and the dancers present had to guess whether it was a real person or a model.

Large prices were charged for admission, and the winner was rewarded with bottles of champagne as the prize.

After the police enquiries were completed, and a raid had taken place, the indefatigable Murray came on to the scene and told a truly astounding story. He approached the club's proprietors



and said that, having such a lot in common with Sir John Simon, he could use his influence to get the case settled in their favour.

According to Murray he had frequently been called upon to assist Sir John in settling many urgent problems concerning the question

of armaments and relating to the Government's policy on India and, provided he was suitably rewarded, he had little doubt that he could intervene successfully on the club's behalf.

As the result of this alleged influence, which was, of course, completely mythical, several hundreds of pounds passed to him, in return for which, of course, he did absolutely nothing.

Other people have been duped by him through the medium of fantastic stories of this type.

In different parts of the country—whilst posing, among other things, as a diplomat, a soldier, a spy, a duke, a night-club proprietor, a company promoter, and the confidant of celebrities—he has duped many creditors, some of whom are women.

One of the most serious complaints that has been recently made against him concerns a man who was subsequently accused by him of having a prison record, from whom he has obtained considerable sums of money.

He actually, at one period in the negotiations he had with this victim, informed him that he had seen his criminal record at Scotland Yard, and that Lord Trenchard was a close friend of his.

Police car

He even went so far as to drive up to the man's office one day in a car which bore a crest, which he said was that of the Commissioner of Police, who had lent him the car whilst he was engaged on secret police work.

One of his victims is a young man who, the son of a wealthy father, has latterly parted with money in the hope of obtaining a lucrative return, which has so far not materialised.

As for his supposed Dukedom, this, according to his stories, was bestowed upon him by "Signatory Right" on account of the great service he has rendered the various people in high places whose names he uses quite without permission.

In addition to all these facts, certain bills he has drawn for substantial sums, and numerous cheques he has contrived to cash, have been dishonoured to the dismay of creditors who believed that he was all he has claimed to be.

He is a man of seemingly boundless versatility and has engaged in innumerable enterprises with a tireless energy.

When he has invaded the realms of commerce he has shown the same zest and confidence.

More than one company with which he has latterly been connected has failed with heavy losses.

Dangerous

Despite his plausible claims, he quite definitely has nothing whatever to do with the Foreign Office, Scotland Yard, or the Customs and Excise Department.

Although he regularly declares that he makes continual trips to the Continent on so-called "Peace" and other missions, his stories are all false, for I can reveal that he is actually a man who for years has been living by his wits.

Apart from all this, he is well known as the proprietor of disreputable night-clubs on this side of the Channel and abroad.

With all his fantastic and fanciful claims, and his most irregular business methods, he is obviously a man to be rigidly avoided.

I hope that the effect of this very timely exposure will be that he finds his activities considerably, if not completely, curbed.

At any rate, the foregoing description of his favourite methods should serve to put the public on its guard.

He Sells SECRETS

WITH reference to the article in our issue of September 1 entitled "He Sells Secrets," we have now had a further opportunity of going into the proposition of the Scientific and Commercial Publishing Company, of Artillery House, Artillery Row, London.

In fairness to the proprietors, we wish to point out that they guarantee that, unless their clients are thoroughly satisfied, the purchase price of their book, which contains 10,000 formulas, will be refunded in full if it is returned in good condition within four days.

Our criticism would not have been made had we been in full possession of the nature of the guarantee.

RUINED BY ASTOUNDING POLICE BLUNDERS

Wrong Man Jailed Twice



William Henry Church, victim of a series of incredible blunders.

the man, and he was formally acquitted. There is not the slightest doubt that the old painter had been the victim of a mistake.

There is no doubt either that the women who, on two separate identification parades, thought Church was the man who had cheated them over two months before, were labouring under a misapprehension.

Detained again

Church's troubles should have ended there, yet, strange to say, some months later the detectives who had arrested Church in the first place called at his home a second time, and he was again arrested.

He was on this occasion taken to West Ham police station, and after five hours in a cell was paraded with a number of other men, whilst a woman who had paid for a ring which proved to be worthless sought for the individual who had defrauded her.

But although she looked at William Church very closely, she decided that he was not the individual against whom she had complaint to make.

It is quite obvious, therefore, that there had been a repetition of the former mistake. The old painter had been arrested on suspicion presumably because of his resemblance to the real offender, but although he was allowed to go free there are many who point an accusing finger at him as he goes to and from the Labour Exchange or his work at the docks.

Another result of it all is that Church is heavily in debt. He borrowed money in order to meet the cost of his defence, which he has not yet been able to repay.

Compensation denied

Mr. Tom Groves, the Member of Parliament for the constituency in which the old painter lives, has made appeal to Sir John Gilmour, the Home Secretary, for compensation, but in vain. He has been told that a payment by way of compensation from public funds could not be justified.

Yet this is surely a case in which the victim of a series of palpable mistakes should at least be reimbursed the money it has cost him to establish his innocence?

In the light of all the circumstances we have now set forth we urge the Home Secretary to review this case, which is so unusual in every way that it demands special consideration.

appeared to recognise Church as a man who had sold her certain sham jewellery.

It is a significant fact that the offences for which the old man was now charged had been committed at least two months before.

Whilst it is clear that the women who gave evidence against Church were cheated of their moneys, it is likewise clear that after two months they could scarcely be expected definitely to identify the man with whom they had dealt.

Chance remark

Church was now committed for trial at the London Sessions, but thanks to the intervention of friends he was now allowed out on bail. How essential was his liberty was soon to be revealed. In conversation with the solicitors he had instructed for his defence Church now learned the dates and times of the offences with which he was being charged.

These offences had been committed during the morning, one at Camberwell, and another in the neighbourhood in which he himself resides.

But it was a chance remark to the clerk at the Labour Exchange in Stratford which eventually enabled his solicitors to produce complete and conclusive proof of his innocence at his trial.

It was found that he had signed the unemployed register on both dates, and

at about the times when he was supposed either to have been in Camberwell or in a thoroughfare called the Great Eastern Road.

The clerk from the Ministry of Labour who was subpoenaed to appear at the London Sessions was able to satisfy the jury that William Church was not

SPARE TIME SNARE

MANY unemployed people are attracted by offers of spare-time employment by which they are promised earnings of from £1 to £5 a week.

Some of our readers who have replied to advertisements offering such remunerative work have received a reply from Messrs. E. Brookes and Co., 173, Quinns Buildings, Popham Street, Islington, London.

This concern describes itself as Publishers, Printers, Advertising Agents, and a few other things in addition.

A preliminary letter from this firm outlines the "Home Employment Proposition."

"If you are adaptable to the work you should easily earn on an average £1 or £2 weekly in your spare time. There is no personal selling or canvassing to be done. The work you do is supplied by us."

"Your duties, to be brief, are as follows, consisting chiefly of addressing envelopes and despatching circulars and circular letters. All supplied by us, and may be accomplished in your own room, in your own time to suit your own convenience, and, of course, we shall watch results."

After this alluring preamble and a boast that the firm holds a unique position in the business world, the fly in the ointment is soon discovered!

In order to undertake this profitable spare-time work, the applicant has to have a guide which explains the working details.

For this guide a charge of three shillings is made, to "safeguard ourselves against those who have no intention of carrying out the work offered."

This is a moss-grown fee-snatching ramp which recruits victims from the poorest class in the community.

Further investigation shows that the "Head Office" of Messrs. E. Brookes and Co., Quinns Buildings, Popham Street, Islington, London, is a small living room in a block of working-class tenements.

There is no sign of office equipment or furniture at this address, and Mr. Brookes calls there at frequent intervals for his correspondence and then departs.

A reader who sent three shillings to this address received a booklet containing the usual list of mail-order ideas, and money-making plans ranging from the

home manufacture of obesity soap to the peddling of ink powder!

It is a strange coincidence that a firm bearing the title of E. Brookes and Co. was operating a few years ago on similar lines from an address in Clarendon Road, Notting Hill, London.

Similar spare time employment was offered by this firm with promised earnings of from £3 to £5 a week.

In this case a preliminary payment of 2s. 6d. was demanded as a sign of "good faith."

Those who paid this sum received a series of propositions for home employment, but they involved buying catalogues and stationery supplies from the firm.

One of the clauses contained in the "General Instructions" sent out by Messrs. E. Brookes and Co. included the following gem:—

"Be honest; big businesses are upheld on the pillars of honesty, and if honesty is not an integral part of the business policy, then sooner or later the shutters will be put up. The public will not tolerate tricksters or deceivers."

We sincerely hope not!

Night in cell

Church was taken at once in a police tender to the police station at Rotherhithe, where, after being imprisoned in a cell all through the day, he was charged with having obtained money for certain imitation trinkets.

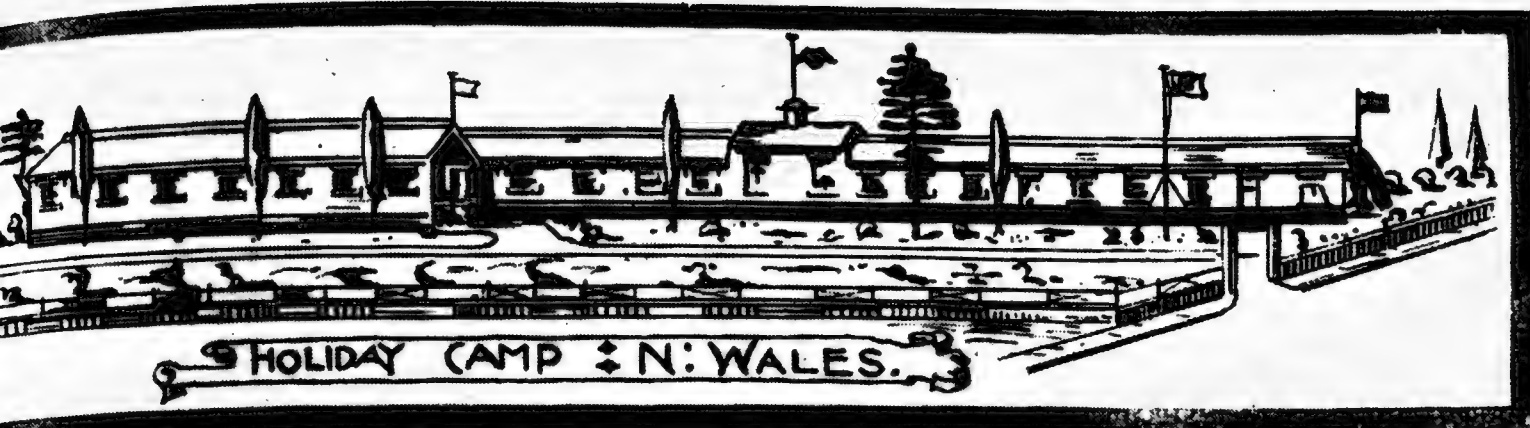
The following day, after a night spent in a cell, Church was taken to Tower Bridge police court and formally charged. It was stated against him that he had obtained money from the woman in the witness-box for a so-called "diamond" ring, two "gold" alberts, and two angles, which were afterwards found to be worthless.

But though Church made it clear that he had never seen the woman before in his life, his application for bail was refused, and he was taken to Brixton prison.

A week later he was again brought to Tower Bridge station, and a second identification parade was arranged.

At this identification parade several women and a youth picked out another individual as being a man against whom they had complaints to make. But after pause a woman came forward who

100



This impressive panoramic view embellishes the Vicar's toffee-bags. It is supposed to represent the poor kiddies' holiday camp—which no child has ever seen

TOFFEE VICAR'S Tosh Charity

NO form of money-raising activity causes greater perplexity to the good-hearted British public than some of the strange works performed in the name of charity.

Law governing the devices for fraud as well as the genuineness of the endeavours is so hopelessly or non-existent that the door is open to abuse by deception and

tion. The most extraordinary charitable endeavour—judging from our discoveries in its administration—must be the Self-Help Holiday Camp which has established ostensibly to promote help amongst school-children in the form of a fortnight's holiday near the coast. The Self-Help organisation has become known by name to the public, particularly in the industrial areas of the north of England.

Dream camp

Stories of women canvassers have the name familiar in large towns and cities by systematically making door-to-door calls and selling on behalf of the supposed charity threepenny toffee-bags. There is reason to state that already sales have been made at 120,000 homes.

Doing good by stealth is admirable when good is done. But when no good of any kind is rendered to the community, although widespread support is given to the operations of the so-called charity, the whole project stands condemned as an abominable

contribution must be passed on the Self-Help Holiday venture. No can any proposition launched in the name of charity have been so deluged in mystery as to its aims and promoters.

There can be no doubt in the minds of those who respond to the appeal to buy on their doorsteps that by so doing they are contributing to a substantial improvement for the welfare of poor children.

In the toffee-bags convey this impression in unmistakable form. Printed on them is a picture of a range of grand buildings with a flag flying from the central tower and pennants fluttering from other flag-poles on the roofs.

One of poplars and what appear to be key-puzzle trees, as well as spacious gardens in front of the edifice, are portrayed, and the reality and impressiveness are further enhanced by the presence of an ornamental archway leading to the entrance to the children's holiday encampment.

Inscribed on a scroll beneath the illustration gives the bare information that this holiday camp is in North Wales. When JOHN BULL readers began to enquire about the whereabouts and associa-

tions of the Self-Help Holiday Camp our Investigation Department was, at first, completely baffled to provide an answer.

The name is not to be found in any directory or on the registers of recognised charities. No one with wide knowledge of the children's summer camps movement could identify the illustration of the fine buildings.

Even the women canvassers engaged in peddling the toffee had no knowledge either of the people for whom they are working or of the location of the magnificent-looking holiday centre for which they are obtaining money.

Every effort to trace the headquarters of the Self-Help Holiday organisation also failed. But a possible clue lay in the fact that it had what was described as a district office in Yorkshire, situated in Park Street, Leeds.

This, indeed, is the only address of the peculiar charity. And it consists merely of a tiny room, rented at five shillings weekly, where no one can ever be found. It is little more than an accommodation address at which some person seems to call irregularly to collect letters from a box on the street door.

When the tenancy of the room was taken it was represented to the landlord that the Self-Help Holiday scheme already had offices in Ashley House, Fleet Street, London.

There is really no such address. Ashley House was the absurd name given to two rooms at the top of a building in Fleet Street by a tenant who, for a fee, allowed them to be used until recently as an accommodation address by scores of people.

The person who pays the five shillings rent for the little room in Park Street, Leeds, is described as Gilbert Thrippleton, a clerk, of Eglinton House, Upper Wortley, Leeds.

Who he is

A Gilbert Thrippleton, a bachelor of about forty, lives at Eglinton House with his father, a retired tailor.

He is not a clerk in the accepted sense of that word.

He is a clerk in Holy Orders. He is the Rev. Gilbert Thrippleton, B.A., the clergyman in charge of St. Andrew's Church, Rodley, a suburb of Leeds, and is generally known as the Vicar of Rodley.

And the Rev. Mr. Thrippleton happens to be the inspiration, founder, promoter and proprietor of both the Self-Help Holiday undertaking and the toffee-touting business carried on in its name.

But very few people are aware of the fact. He prefers that his connection with the mysterious charity should be so completely anonymous that even his parishioners do not know he is the man behind it.

The reverend gentleman got the idea of trading in toffee on a large scale by the discovery that there were huge profits in the business when, in an effort to raise his stipend, he found that toffee obtainable for about fivepence per lb. could be sold at two shillings per lb.

So he decided to become a toffee mer-

chant and to bedeck the business with the mantle of charity.

He began by ordering two tons of toffee and in two years seems to have been able to dispose of at least seven tons of the sweetmeats. In that time—mostly in the summer months when an appeal for poor children's holidays naturally produces the best results—he has sold toffee to the value of nearly £1,500.

Sham

Yet during the period this money has been raised not a single child has ever been sent to the Self-Help Holiday camp or to any other camp at the expense of the profits of the toffee fund.

There is, in fact, so far no holiday camp of any kind. Those flags, trees, gardens, and what-not are only so much window-dressing.

What the Rev. Mr. Thrippleton has done is to buy with his own money (reimbursing himself from the toffee profits) a hutment which remains on what was eighteen years ago a war-time training camp near the hamlet of Bodelwyddan in North Wales.

He paid £110 for the hutment, but it was sold to him for demolition. In the meantime he has been letting it as a store at £5 per year.

When the hut is pulled down, the vicar hopes to be able to have it transported some miles and re-erected on some grazing ground. Unfortunately, he does not possess that ground. Someone else has an option to buy it and Mr. Thrippleton cannot acquire it unless that other person decides not to exercise the option.

That is the sum and substance of the Self-Help Holiday project.

Another revelation which should be made to the public regarding it is that the Rev. Mr. Thrippleton pays his team of women canvassers 7s. 6d. out of every £1 worth of toffee sold for him—a commission of 37½ per cent. He expects



Mrs. Currer Briggs, M.B.E., of Leeds, who does great service for genuine children's charities, which can only suffer from this spurious venture

humble unoccupied office and the vicar's residence, where the toffee is packed for distribution by members of his family and where the Rev. Gilbert Thrippleton does the clerical work with the help of an elaborate card-index system.

The quaintly-named Self-Help Holiday Fund is not administered or controlled by any committee and the accounts are neither audited nor published.

"Why should I have a committee or issue accounts?" the Rev. Gilbert asked indignantly when he was approached by a JOHN BULL representative. "It is my own business and I have used my own money to develop it."

The police in several towns have required that the Rev. Mr. Thrippleton should explain his queer commercial-cum-charity scheme to them. His canvassers were ordered by the authorities to withdraw from York.

But the vicar is a stubborn fellow. He telegraphed to them to defy the police.

A sidelight was thrown on his stubborn nature some years ago when he was dismissed by his vicar from the curacy of an important church in Leeds. When Mr. Thrippleton showed that he was aggrieved, the Bishop of Ripon offered to have his grievances investigated by an impartial body of Churchmen.

Thrippleton refused this sensible offer and preferred to launch an action against his vicar for unjustifiable dismissal and slander.

Bankruptcy

The action was virtually laughed out of court, but, although he had insisted on legal proceedings in the High Court, he defaulted in payment of the £200 costs. Instead, he filed his own petition in bankruptcy.

The Rev. Gilbert's stubbornness, however, failed to move the Chief Constable of York. He was sent for and, after a brief interview, he and his toffee hawkers immediately departed from the city.

Beyond all doubt, the Rev. Gilbert Thrippleton would not be able to sell a shilling's worth of toffee but for the assumption by the public that the profits are devoted to a genuine and existing charity which provides free holidays for poor kiddies.

If it was a charity it would not suffer—it could only benefit—by open association with the Church and his cloth.

Conducted, however, with such elaborate and amazing secrecy; the identity of its proprietor being concealed; using accommodation addresses; having no committee; issuing no accounts, and doing nothing whatever for necessitous children, it can only be condemned.

FAMOUS BEAUTY QUEEN

Loses Nearly

3 STONE

And Wins

17 BEAUTY CONTESTS

I DO NOT KNOW WHAT I SHOULD HAVE
DONE WITHOUT

"SILF"

Brand Obesity Tablets.

Read What This Beautiful Girl Says:—

Dear Sirs,—In justice to you I feel I really must write and tell you of my wonderful experience with "SILF." My weight—before I started putting on flesh—was 7 st. 9 lbs. Suddenly I started increasing until I weighed nearly 10 stone. My health also got very bad, and I was terribly worried and unhappy.

Now, however, thanks entirely to "SILF," I am down to just my correct weight—7 st. 4 lbs.—and I feel ever so much better in myself.

I have since won many Beauty Contests, 17 in all, including the International Dancing Championship at Nice with my partner, Mr. Bernard Stern, and, as I tell my friends, "SILF" has been indispensable to me in gaining these successes.

I honestly do not know what I should have done without "SILF," and am only too pleased to acknowledge how much I owe to your splendid preparation. I wholeheartedly recommend it to all who are burdened by too much flesh.

In closing I really must express my delight at the decided benefit to health which follows the taking of "SILF"—it is, as you say,

not only an effective weight-reducer, but a really splendid tonic, too.

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) ESME BANKHEAD.

It is impossible to be fashionable, to feel young and be graceful while rolls of excess tissue disguise the beauty of your features, weigh down your limbs and burden your body.

You MUST get SLIM, but do not resort to drastic dieting, dangerous drugging, weakening purging, or violent exercises. These practices are definitely harmful... and they are entirely unnecessary! You can regain your slimness in a Natural, Healthful and Safe Way through "SILF" Brand Obesity Tablets. "SILF" reduces your weight and makes you feel better. As it removes superfluous tissue, so does it strengthen the fat-weakened system and sets you on the road to health and slimness.

7 Days' Trial

You are invited to purchase a 1/3 box of "SILF" (Brand) Obesity Tablets, and if after taking them, as directed, for seven days, you are not satisfied that a reasonable course of this remedy will prove beneficial, you may return the empty box to the Silf Company, Ltd., 39, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1, and we will return the 1/3 you have spent.

GUARANTEE

WE guarantee that "SILF" (Brand) Obesity Tablets are composed solely of Pure Vegetable Extracts and are prepared under the strict supervision of fully qualified Chemists. The fact that millions of boxes have already been sold is evidence of the harmlessness and suitability of this tried and tested formula.

1/3
3/-
and
5/-
per box

Silf

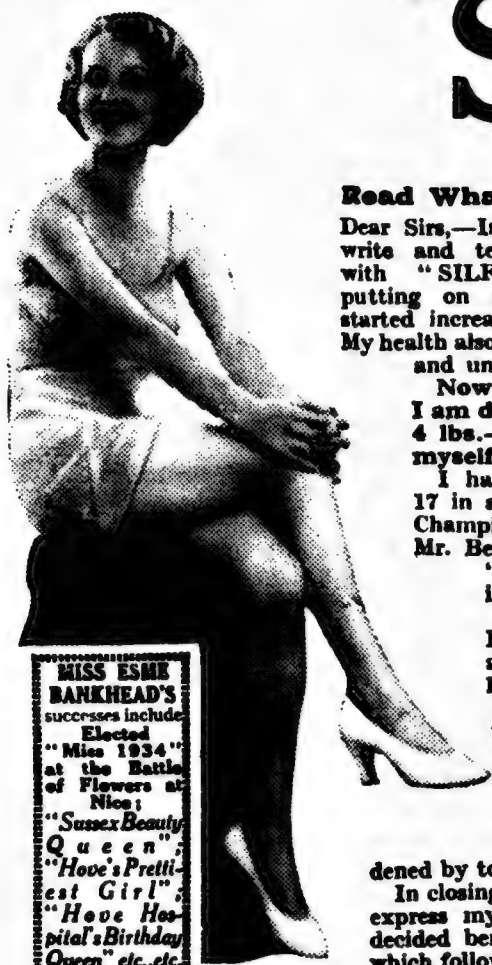
BRAND

YOU SAVE
MONEY BY
PURCHAS-
ING THE
LARGER
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From all Chemists and Druggists, or post free by sending the price to—

THE SILF Co., LTD. (Dept. 46N)
39, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1.

No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.



MISS ESME BANKHEAD'S successes include:
Elected "Miss 1934" at the Battle of Flowers at Nice;
"Sussex Beauty Queen";
"Hove's Prettiest Girl";
"Hove Hospital's Birthday Queen" etc., etc.



Another charming pose by Miss Bankhead. Note the "Sylph Like" figure admired by all.

FREE GIFTS for everybody

FOR BOURNVILLE COCOA COUPONS

"Shave, sir?"

Here is another practical Bournville Cocoa gift—a "Valet" razor set. This set consists of an up-to-date model "Valet" safety razor complete with stop and blade. It will be sent to you in return for 27 Bournville Cocoa coupons. A postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, brings a copy of the New Gift Book, containing over 200 fine Gifts, including toys and games, wearing apparel, household utensils, etc.

27
COUPONS

GIFT No. 557

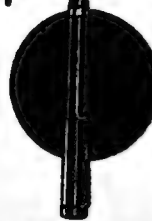
Off you go!

Ask father what he thinks of the specification of this Scooter. Soundly constructed of metal throughout: Rubber tyred disc wheels: Corrugated footplate: Front detachable for easy carriage: Height 28 ins., Length 31 ins. 40 coupons and off you go on it! Post the coupon on the back page for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Toy Mangle, Set of Child's Writing Materials, etc., etc.

GIFT No. 647

40 COUPONS

Have you a fountain pen?



GIFT No. 573
30
COUPONS

If you haven't, here's a handsome pen for only 30 Bournville Cocoa coupons. It has the latest type of filling device, and a fine, medium, or broad nib of 14 ct. gold. The men's model is fitted with a pocket clip, and the ladies' with a ring. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Stationery, Tennis Rackets, Photograph Albums, etc., etc.

How deliciously creamy!

Of course you can taste the cream in Cadbury's Milk Chocolate! There's a glass-and-a-half of rich, full-cream dairy milk in every 1-lb. block. Send 16 Bournville Cocoa coupons and you will receive a 1-lb. block of Cadbury's Milk Chocolate, a 1-lb. block of Cadbury's Milk, Fruit and Nut Chocolate and a 1-lb. block of Bournville Plain. A postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, brings the complete list of over 200 gifts.

GIFT No. 687

16
COUPONS

I MUST
IRON THAT FROCK!



GIFT No. 623

Ironing a frock, or anything else, is no trouble when you have this folding ironing board handy. Well padded and upholstered, this board is 45 in. long by 9 1/2 in. wide, and is fitted with a strong, Oregon pine trestle. You can get this useful gift for 64 Bournville Cocoa coupons. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Gas and Electric Irons, Jacobean Candlesticks, Brushes, etc., etc.

LET'S PICK SIDES!



61 COUPONS

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A Ghostly NURSING HOME



WHAT mystery lies behind the failure of an ambitious scheme launched recently to establish a private hospital and nursing home at "The Grange," Barcombe, Sussex?

Many people are asking this question because the premises are now silent and deserted. No curtains are at the windows, and the twenty rooms remain unfurnished.

A knock at the barred door brings no answer save a ghostly echo through the empty passages beyond.

Bunches of black grapes hang from a vine in the conservatory, but there are no hands to pick them. Fruit on the trees in the orchard is ungathered. The spacious grounds are deserted. It is all very eerie.

Yet only a month or two ago there was much talk and bustle and preparation for the opening of "The Grange" as a private hospital. The project has come to nothing, and Mrs. V. A. Huffam, the woman who was to be matron and proprietor of the establishment, has disappeared.

All the members of the staff, including a woman doctor, nurses, a gardener, and a secretary, have almost abandoned hope of finding their employer.

The story of strange happenings at the quiet village of Barcombe may be traced back to May, when Mrs. Huffam obtained a lease of "The Grange," which was to be opened with befitting ceremony at "an early date."

The Grange

Shortly afterwards the following advertisement appeared in a Brighton newspaper:—

"Required immediately, steady refined man, take charge of garden, able to invest £30 to £100, good salary or terms, suit ex-service man (country). Box —."

A gardener living at Lewes replied to this advertisement, and received in return a letter signed, "V. Young," Matron, "Westbury," Roedale Road, Brighton.

Our inquiries show that Miss V. Young is none other than Mrs. V. A. Huffam.

"Miss Young" wrote to the gardener as follows:

"Thank you for your letter. The position I am offering is at a country house about four miles from Lewes.

"We are opening a private hospital. I require a good steady man to take charge of the garden, grounds and orchard—about two and a-half acres in all.

"If taking the position you would be required to invest £30, for which you would receive interest of ten shillings a week over and above your salary.

"Salary would be £3 a week plus board and lodging. If married I might arrange for you to have the use of an unfurnished four-roomed bungalow in the grounds."

From which it will be seen that Mrs. Huffam was nothing if not generous!

To encourage this unemployed gardener she mentioned casually that a resident doctor had been engaged, and that the hospital was to be opened the following week.

Unfortunately the gardener decided

The silent and deserted grange—abandoned after only one room had been furnished

that the offer was too good to miss and promptly handed over his £30. Within a few days he arrived at "The Grange," Barcombe, in readiness to take up his duties for the opening ceremony.

To his surprise he found that the house was deserted. The windows were bare of curtains and there was no sign of furniture, patients or anything else that one expects to find at a private hospital.

Mrs. Huffam fluttered breathlessly into the grounds of "The Grange" at odd times, and explained to the bewildered gardener that there had been an unfortunate delay in the opening of the establishment, but "everything would be all right."

To keep him occupied, if not amused, he was asked to paint the skirting boards in some of the rooms.

Meanwhile, a secretary to the hospital had been appointed and he put in an occasional appearance, presumably in readiness for the opening ceremony.

All the while Mrs. Huffam, the matron, bustled around with vaguely hopeful smiles, and thin excuses for the postponed opening of the hospital.

In spite of her obvious difficulties she had the temerity to engage a woman doctor, who was installed at a near-by hotel on the understanding that Mrs. Huffam was to be responsible for the hotel bill. This bill remains unpaid.

Then two nurses were engaged and one of them, accompanied by her husband, arrived at Barcombe in readiness to take up duties at "The Grange."

As no furniture had arrived and they disliked the idea of sleeping on bare boards in an empty house, they took lodgings locally, it again being understood that Mrs. Huffam, or Miss Young, as she sometimes called herself, would compensate them for their out-of-pocket expenses.

When the nurse, after weeks of waiting, asked when the furniture and the patients for the new hospital were going to arrive, she was informed that they were due "next week."

Bare rooms

Eventually one bed, a chair and some lino were delivered and were put in an upper bedroom, the other rooms of this large house being left bare.

Then came a memorable day when "The Grange," which had not been officially opened, received its one and only patient.

This sufferer was a middle-aged man, who was taken upstairs and installed in the bedroom, which was bare of furniture except the bed and the chair. The lino lay on the floor unrolled: the

remainder of the house was still empty!

It was not surprising, in the circumstances, after remaining for one week in these cheerless surroundings, this unfortunate patient decided to go home!

With the disappearance of the solitary patient, the staff of "The Grange" lost what little was left of the bright hopes which brought them to Barcombe.

The gardener and one of the nurses had received one week's salary, and the rest was promises.

The nurse, who found her money dwindling away, sent an SOS to Mrs. Huffam's address at Brighton for cash to be sent to her.

No cash arrived, but Mrs. Huffam, signing herself as "Sister," wrote a somewhat indignant letter in reply.

"I am sorry you sent that wire," she wrote, "because, for one thing, I was out (as is usually the case just now), and when that happens it is a waste of money."

"... Your salaries will be paid out to you on Saturday morning."

"You know perfectly well that you have no need to worry, so why send wire?"

The fact is that the staff of "The Grange" had every reason to worry. For the oft-promised salaries have not arrived, and the last promise proved as valuable as the others had been. Saturday came but no money.

Weeks went by, and the "hospital" remained unfurnished and unopened. The gardener wandered disconsolately about the grounds, the "resident" doctor waited at the hotel, and the

nurse walked the bare rooms where the patients ought to be.

There was a continuous stream of light-hearted promises from Mrs. Huffam, but these led nowhere. Every week with unfailing regularity the "Matron" wrote, promising the arrival of furniture, patients and salaries, and every week the anxiously waiting staff were disappointed.

Then came the climax. The gardener and the nurse made the journey to Brighton and called at Mrs. Huffam's address in Roedale Road to demand satisfaction and settlement. They found that Mrs. V. A. Huffam, otherwise Miss V. Young, had disappeared, whether to open another private hospital or not was difficult to ascertain.

Investigations show that the disappearing Matron, who lived in Roedale Road, Brighton, at the house of her parents, left there several weeks ago.

Queer message

Since then she has sent a letter, bearing a London postmark, to her mother saying that she is well, and that her people are not to worry.

She appears to be blissfully unaware of the worry and financial hardship she has caused to the people whom she engaged for her "hospital" at Barcombe.

If Mrs. Huffam is in London, it is to be hoped that she will not attempt to open another private hospital and take investments or engage people at salaries which she does not pay.

Her record at "The Grange," Barcombe, Sussex, is one of bluff, incompetence and dismal failure.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Mental Jungles

DESPITE the fact that this is the twentieth century, and that all the proved knowledge of the ages is ours for the acquiring, a surprising number of people spend their lives wandering about hopelessly lost in a mental jungle.

Instead of thinking forcefully and logically for themselves, they try to steer a course by primitive notions and "beliefs" that belong to the dark ages when superstition was a popular substitute for reason.

Fortune-telling, horoscopes, palmistry, clairvoyance, phrenology—all the thousand and one pieces of humbug that exist to part the unwary from their cash are accepted as proved guides to a happy and successful life!

If it wasn't tragic it would be funny: but it is tragic because such people are living among the debris of civilisation instead of marching in the vanguard of progress.

We should realise that the ability to steer a successful course through life by using our own brains isn't an ability that is born in us. We are not born with a brain fully equipped as a perfect thinking machine. It can become one—but we have to make it one.

The human mind is essentially a bundle of desires, and we tend to believe what appeals to those desires. Unless we train ourselves to think logically, to reason, to demand real proof, we shall go on wandering in the mental jungle, a prey to our illogical desires and those who feed on them.

Only when we have learned to sift facts, to demand proof, and to understand evidence, are we able to get clear of the jungle and into the open country.

"TAKEN for a ride... Put on the spot... Already, incredible as it may seem, these and similar sinister phrases associated with American gangsterdom are beginning to creep into the news to describe happenings here in England.

It is true that they have not so far been used to describe the last ride of a victim marked down to be murdered in cold blood; but they are constantly on the lips of gangsters in this country who have already been responsible for some appalling outrages.

Many of their victims have, in fact, been manhandled so brutally that they have been lucky to escape with their lives.

This may surprise those people who hold up their hands in horror at stories of American gangsters and smugly imagine that such ruthless defiance of law and order could never flourish in this country.

But it is a grim reality that will have to be faced in earnest very soon unless it can be suppressed in its infancy.

Police prepare

The police authorities are alive to the menace, and the new wave of crimes with violence that is growing in London and some of our great provincial cities is causing them grave concern.

In fact, we can reveal that Lord Trenchard has held several special conferences at Scotland Yard, at which he and his leading advisers have reviewed a mass of telling facts and figures relating to the spread of gang terrorism on this side of the Atlantic.

Lengthy discussions have been held as to the best method of dealing with this new menace, and we happen to know that the recent promotion of more than forty of his picked crime chiefs was one move in connection with plans that have been devised for fighting the gangsters.

The necessity for such measures cannot be too strongly stressed, for some of our gangsters have shown that there is no limit to their audacity.

Intoxicated by their successes in terrorising or coercing certain victims, they have even been encouraged to use threats against representatives of the law.

Even magistrates are now being marked down for direct threats, and a glaring example of this occurred quite recently at Thames Police Court, London, during the hearing of a manslaughter case.

Mr. Langley, the magistrate, announced from the Bench that a letter had been received by the Court from a gang which intimated very clearly that if the Court did not take a certain course in the case then before him, the gangsters would retaliate according to their own lights.

No gang justice

There could be little doubt as to what was implied by this lightly veiled threat, but Mr. Langley took the fearless course of openly challenging the gangsters to do their worst.

He stated that in any case which might be brought before him or any other London magistrate, in which it was found that a gang was operating to administer the law in their own way, every member of the gang convicted would instantly, without excuse from anybody, be

sent to the full term of imprisonment.

"We will not have justice administered by gangs," he declared.

While it is to be hoped that all other magistrates who are threatened in the same way will act just as fearlessly as Mr. Langley, the fact remains that in numerous cases outside the courts gangsters contrive to enforce summary jurisdiction of a ruthless and violent kind.

Who is the killer?

Let us look for a moment at the circumstances surrounding the killing of Robert James Venner, which took place ten weeks ago in his tailor's shop in South London.

Mr. Venner was found lying terribly injured about the head. It was at first hoped that he would rally sufficiently to make a statement, but his skull was so terribly fractured and his face and body so cut and disfigured that he died without regaining consciousness.

For four days and nights Scotland Yard detectives sat at his bedside in the Miller Hospital, London, in the vain hope that the secret of his assailants' identity would not pass with him to the grave.

Since then, one of the most concerted police investigations of modern times has failed to secure an arrest. The police know that several men drove up to the shop about an hour before Mr. Venner was found, and they have indisputable evidence that one of these men was seen to leave the establishment with his hands covered in blood, and rush to the waiting car, to be driven away by colleagues.

So authentic was the information

subsequently obtained by the sixty Yard officers investigating the case that Lord Trenchard at first believed that arrests would be made and murder charges preferred.

Scores of identification parades have been held, hundreds of statements taken, and numerous men detained. It has been firmly established that Mr. Venner died because he was in possession of vital evidence which linked his assailants with other crimes, but after the lapse of over two months all the information has so far proved insufficient to justify an arrest.

Yet the higher detectives at Scotland Yard believe they know the murderers. They have little doubt as to their identity. They could put their hands on the suspects at once if only certain missing links in the chain of evidence against them could be found.

It is believed that they are members of a notorious race gang which operates in many disreputable ways, which we will later describe. The chief of the gang lives a life of ease and luxury, and is often to be seen in the West End of London in a magnificent car. He rules by fear; the force and intimidation of his "men" deter people from giving evidence against him.

Only a week or two ago a club proprietor, well known in the night life of London, was found lying almost unconscious in a West End square. He was bleeding profusely and suffering from severe injuries to his face and head.

Members of a gang of hooligans who live by a new racket, which they call "Protection," had taken him by surprise and attacked him savagely because he had had the courage to withstand their impudent demands for regular payments

for the doubtful privilege of their "protection."

When he told them flatly that he did not require the "protection" they offered they retaliated with a series of ugly threats.

"If you don't pay we will break you up!" these gangsters say. "And we'll take you for a ride!"

They mean it, too. Not only are they fully prepared to inflict personal violence on anyone who has the temerity to resist their outrageous demands for money, but they make it clear that they will raid and wreck the victim's premises unless the price of "protection" is paid.

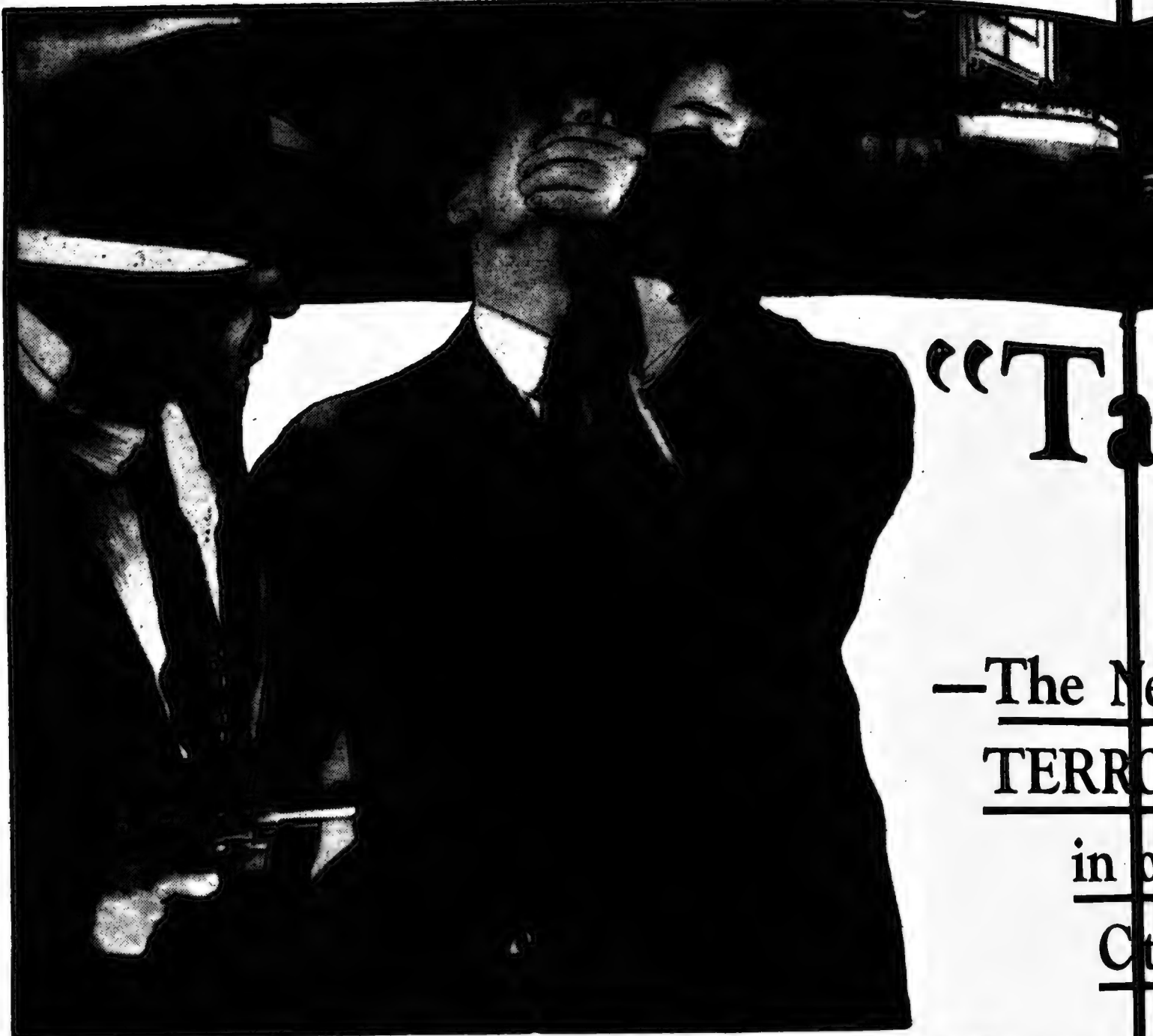
In this case, which ended with the murderous assault in the busy London square, the reckless defiance of the gangsters knew no bounds. Even the policeman who rushed to the injured man's aid narrowly escaped injury himself as the members of the gang rushed past in a fast car and hurled wooden paving blocks at him and his wounded charge!

Blackmail plots

This "protection" racket, which originated many years ago when the race gangs were levying toll among course bookmakers, has been developed by the more ambitious gangsters of to-day, until the field of possible plunder has extended to restaurants, night clubs, hotels and gaming houses, whose proprietors are deemed open to exploitation.

So rampant has the menace become that at least two clubs in London have recently closed their doors rather than pay the exorbitant demands of the gangsters.

In yet another phase of the



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"If you don't pay we will break you up,' these new gangsters tell their victims. 'And we'll take you for a ride...'

"They mean it, too"

Taken for a Ride" by OUR Gangsters!

this that the gang evil is limited to London. Similar outrages have been reported from time to time in all parts of the country—in Glasgow, Manchester, Southend, Liverpool, Swansea, Birmingham, and Sheffield.

In the last-named city quite recently certain members of a notorious gang were sentenced to terms of imprisonment for assaulting an intended victim who had had the courage to defy them when they had sought to extract payments from him for "protection."

Among them was Amos Stuart, a gangster who a few years ago stood in the dock with two other men charged with the murder of the victim of a

gang feud. He was sent to penal servitude, while two of the men accused with him were sentenced to death and executed. Now Stuart is in prison again for further crimes of violence!

There are numberless ruffians of this calibre in the ranks of the gangs now operating. They are men who will literally stick at nothing, and were they allowed to rise to any degree of power or wealth they might even develop into the Al Capones and Jack Diamonds of this country.

That is why it is important to combat the menace at once with all the vigour we can command. When actual perpetrators of gang outrages are brought to book only the heaviest possible sentence is likely to act as a deterrent. There must be no half-measures.

Otherwise, to be "taken for a ride" in this country will not only entail a savage assault; it will grow to mean what it means in Chicago—a last ride.

racket the gangsters are aided in their operations by women accomplices in blackmailing plots. Well-to-do men, known to dine alone occasionally in the West End, are usually singled out as prospective dupes, and the more reputable their character the more certain are the gangsters to reap a speedy haul.

A recent case will illustrate their methods. One of their women decoys entered a West End restaurant

on the heels of the man already marked down as possible prey and took a seat at the same table.

No sooner had she done so than a burly-looking man approached and declared in threatening tones that he was the woman's husband.

were of an undesirable class, so he had been "put on the spot."

His assailants had dealt with him so violently that it was necessary to remove him to hospital. When he was sufficiently recovered detectives sat beside his bed for hours in the hope that he would make some statement that would lead to the capture and conviction of the ruffians responsible for the murderous attack.

But he could not be persuaded to say anything and steadfastly refused to prosecute, such was his fear of further intimidation. One experience of being "taken for a ride" was more than enough for him!

Sir John Gilmour, the Home Secretary, was not long ago questioned in the House of Commons about this new and spreading gangster menace and the steps he proposed to take to cope with it.

We can say that it is more than a coincidence that Scotland Yard has displayed increased vigilance in many quarters since then.

At Scotland Yard there is a secret list of dangerous men who, short of actually taking life, would do anything for money. All are ruffians who, in the pursuits of crime, would all but kill.

On this secret list there are more than 3,000—all "gangsters" of varying types, some worse than others, but all with one common seal and design.

In addition, there are the names of nine "super" men, leaders of the six worst gangs now known to be operating, who live by the money they levy from their "protected" victims at the price of the terrorism they will inflict if their demands are not peacefully met.

These nine "super" men are in unique positions in the underworld. They give their instructions to willing ruffians who agree to accept the

punishment that might come to them in the event of things going wrong. And as their masters, so far as these six gangs are concerned, mostly stipulate that killing must not be done, but that victims must be severely "chivied" (slashed with razor) and disfigured, the police are unable to do anything to bring them to book.

Protection racket

As a matter of fact, in every "gang" crime it is the common practice of Scotland Yard officers to seek out all of these "chiefs" and question them as to their movements, and as to the movements of their known associates and hirelings, on all important dates!

One of the "chiefs" is known to have had his car rendered bullet-proof as a precaution against possible attack from his enemies.

But it must not be thought from

Man who paid

Simultaneously the woman made outrageous allegations against the personal honour of the other man. Realising that a deliberate trap was being set for him, the victim tried to leave the restaurant without entering into any parley.

This, though he could not guess it, was exactly what the gangsters were counting upon. Ten of them were waiting near by and they closed in upon him so menacingly with threats of "taking him for a ride" that he paid the price of silence.

Several other victims who have undergone similar experiences have lodged complaints with the police. But owing to the fear of publicity or possible reprisals all have been afraid to face the witness-box to give the essential evidence which alone can secure a conviction against the terrorists.

That is why the gangsters almost invariably select reputable dupes who cannot afford to risk unsavoury publicity; and that is why the police are in most cases powerless to take any effective action.

Another victim of the "protection" racket, a man who owns considerable property in London, was recently found lying gravely injured in the street.

He had refused to pay "protection" dues to gangsters who had found out that some of his tenants



Robert James Venner. He knew too much. He died—first victim of the new gangsterdom in our midst



Mr. Langley, the magistrate. Threatened, he said: "We will not have justice administered by gangs"



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all day!

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THESE "Use Less Water"
posters everywhere, and
all the talk in the papers
about drought and water-
shortage have set me think-
ing and remembering.
Now, this morning, I read
in my newspaper a letter
from a learned rural economist. "Ten
gallons of water a day," he writes, "is
sufficient for anyone, and fifteen
ample."

He's right! Was there ever a corre-
spondent who expressed himself more
moderately?

We who fought in Sinai through
choking sand-storms under a cloudless
sky, about the years 1916 and 1917,
would have hailed the Quarter-Master
General for greater than Moses if he
had produced any such like "suffi-
ciency." In the hot desert that
separates Egypt from "the Promised
Land," where the temperature is nearly
always above the hundred mark, our
daily water ration might run to one
attenuated, lukewarm gallon, reeking
from chlorination, for each thirsty
soldier.

Not just for drinking, mind you!
But for everything.



And on days when "Roadhead"
siphon wasn't in a good working
temper, or the old zinc camel fantasses
leaked more than usual, a cigarette
tin-full of the precious liquid had to
serve for all ablutionary purposes over
sixteen throbbing hours of sunshine
and eight hours' tossing, restless night.

Once, I remember, the Colonel was
dining with the Brigadier, and the
latter said to him, "You've been grou-
sing about your water ration, haven't
you, Colonel?" He turned to the mess
orderly. "Tell Colonel Jones how we
use ours."

The orderly scratched his head.

"Well, sir, first I puts aside what's
wanted for drinking. And then for the
cookhouse. Then you has your bath,
sir, in what's left over."

"Yes?" queried the General.

"After that the Brigade-Major has
his bath, sir. Next we have ours."

The Brigadier turned triumphantly
to our Colonel.

"You see, we don't waste our water,
Jones."

But the orderly interrupted.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir, that isn't
all. Last we washes up the mess-
crockery!"

Their appetite for the rest of the meal
was distinctly poor.



But lack of water had far more
unpleasant consequences than mere
loss of appetite. For often we lay on
ground that had served the Turks for
camps when they made their first
onslaught on the Suez Canal and tried
to cut the vital artery that links
Britain and her eastern Empire.

The Turkish and Arab attitude to
"all creeping things" is more passive
than the European. To us the lice, the
sand-fleas, scorpions and dung-beetles,
breeding in countless millions among
the aching unending dunes, were
objects of loathing and horror. They
attacked us always and incessantly, and,
more powerful than our human foes,
yet were they their strong allies, defy-
ing all efforts of extermination.

Sand. Sand. Sand. Yellow sand.
Brown sand. Sand lead grey, with
nought besides save here and there a
dusty clump of sparse camel-thorn, its
colour a mockery of fresh English
green. Into its fuzzy fastnesses, as
footsteps approached, a little lizard or
more deadly snake would flick rapidly
for cover, leaving a momentary pattern
of its trail in the soft sand.

Soft sand! The rare hard patches

—My Desert Nightmare

were Paradise to bursting, puttee-
bound calves. Over the ridge we
panted, feet slipping back again just
as though one was climbing mounds of
grain heaped up in a barn. Anything
new to see? Only in soldiers' parlance,
"miles and miles of damn-all."

For the most part the routine of
Sinai desert soldiering was as mono-

tonous as a landscape.
Once in so often a
scuffle of outposts. An
occasional Taube aero-
plane buzzed over, zip-
ping out a belt or two
of machine-gun bullets,
or dropping a few
bombs that usually fell
without damaging even
a chameleon or a sand
lizard.

At nights we had to
be on the alert against
a surprise raid, and
patrols moved out in
front of the matting-
revetted trenches that
the sand was always
tumbling into ruin. All
too soon came day once
more, with far too little
to do therein to while
away the long, long
hours to sunset.

So we lay and sweated under thin,
improvised tentings, and dreamed of
cool, iced drinks in palatial Shepherds'
Hotel at Cairo, of leave home, and of
the blessed day when the War should
at last be over, and won.

One morning, however, a message
came to the battalion from Brigade,
(Continued on page 24)



"I fell and grovelled helplessly in the hot
sand. My throat was burning..."

"JOHN
BULL"
Readers' Stories
No. 95

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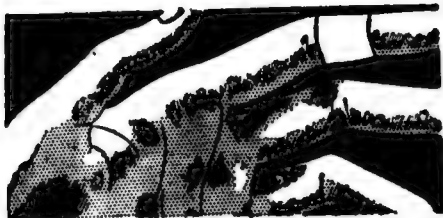
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Guinea a Box!

Continuing—



from page 22

"Who can ride a camel?" Feeling anything was better than this awful nothingness, three of us volunteered, and riding camels, sleek white *hagins* of the Sudan, arrived.

A staff-captain, natty in red cap and blue armlet, vaguely sketched our task, to ride some twenty miles forward of the infantry, and reconnoitre a group of wells. "Did the enemy hold them? Were they full or empty?" Wells loom large in the planning of desert warfare.

With two days' rations and two filled water-bottles, each carefully strapped to our saddles, we started our venturesome voyage on the "ships of the desert." A camel's motion is not unpleasant when one is used to it. But none of us had ridden one more than a few times previously, despite the confident volunteering.

After an hour or two backs ached consumedly. The jog-jog-jog induced drowsiness, and it was only by an effort, and by keeping up conversation and general watchfulness, that sleep could be held at bay.

A brief rest at midday, a drink and a chunk of bully-beef for ourselves, with chopped tiffin and grain for the lucky camels that needed a thirst quencher only every three days; then, refreshed, we tackled the final stage.

In the twilight three saddle-sore, weary warriors sighted the outline of the roughly-hewn stone cisterns that marked the journey's end. They were almost hidden by a tiny oasis of squat, stunted palm trees.

"Why not," suggested my comrade, Corporal Pitcher, "barrack the camels here, and scout up to the wells on foot?" And he hinted at the possibility of Turkish outposts lurking in the shadow of the palms.

Tenderfoot fools that we were, we agreed. Armed only with revolvers, all three set off stealthily, extending ten paces, on our errand.

In the gathering darkness a scuffling, snarling sound fell on our startled ears, attuned to hear the slightest whisper. We stopped dead, and turned round.

The camels! Before a finger could be lifted in preservation, we saw our only links with friends and home racing for the British outposts a score of miles away.

How did they break their ropes? We never knew. The camel is a queer

beast, cursed by Allah for all time, so the Moslems say.

We cursed ours all right! Then, collecting our wits, explored the cisterns. The oasis was unoccupied, the wells dry as so many bleached bones.

What now? Shoot ourselves, and end troubles that way, or try and win back? Life is very sweet at nineteen. We chose the latter alternative. Quick march!

The mere knowledge that those wondrous water-bottles were every minute receding farther away, strapped to fast galloping camels, made us doubly conscious of our thirst. Should we survive to drink again?

With wrist-compasses for guide, three forlorn and sorry scouts tramped grimly westwards.

The grim emergency gave us new strength. For a time we forgot fatigue, realising that only by using every ounce of physical strength and moral determination could we cheat the desert of its prey. Conversation, frequent at first, ceased to be a help, and became a burden. Only now and again a staccato sentence had birth. More often it died on the lips, not worth the effort.

Thoughts were far harder to fight down. One must not think, above all must not think of liquid splendours, the tinkle of the water-sellers in Alexandria's bazaars, of white foaming hill-streams, of regal rivers progressing calmly and without haste between buttercup-besprinkled banks in England's May time.

Forward! Forward! Ever forward! Till all too soon the stars paled, the sky changed from deep purple to mauve, to olive green, and finally to the ochre that heralded approaching day. Once or twice we hesitated momentarily to try if any moisture could be sucked from camel-thorn. But it was salt and bitter to the taste, screwing up the mouth.

How much longer could flesh and blood stand the awful strain? For now the sun was mounting high in the heavens, beating down its rays relentlessly.

Blood! Even our very blood seemed to have dried to gritty sand in our veins. It was our first experience of the horror of real thirst.

I found myself starting to count steps. Up to a hundred. Then beginning again. Lost count. The numbers forked and zigzagged in the brain, turning to imps of torment.

Now we began to lurch and stagger. The sand started a demon dance, a mirage of lovely, silver waters. Why not lie down and bathe in the cool stream? I fell and grovelled helplessly in the hot sand. My throat was burning. Up again, staggering on. . .

How long this dreadful ordeal con-

tinued I hardly know. It seemed an eternity—an eternity of wretchedness and suffering unrelieved by any ray of hope.

Yet somehow we kept on, desperately ploughing through the burning sand until our singing ears were roused by sounds that stirred our benumbed senses.

A shout. A sound of galloping hoofs. Semi-numbed hands felt for revolver holsters. But in a moment the riders stood close at our sides.

"Hello! You diggers look all in. Have a drink?"

They were friends! An Australian cavalry patrol had seen dim figures ahead, and though just about to turn back to the outpost line, they had decided to investigate.

That decision saved our lives! Another ten minutes, and we must have dropped in our tracks from sheer exhaustion to die a lingering, torturing death.

Carefully as nurses these bronzed Anzacs trickled water down throats, black and quinsied with extreme thirst.

Then, lumping us on their sturdy Walers, they steered for camp, where ready jests were allenced as the men, crowding round, saw our blackened lips, and drawn faces.

I muse on the words of that wise correspondent in my morning paper, "Ten gallons a day suffices." What would he have said had he shared our desert nightmare?

"The Greatest of These"

THE THREAT



Eric

ELEVEN-
YEAR-OLD
Eric is an
only child.

Until last year he was too delicate to attend school, and was kept away by doctor's orders. His mother says: "He was picking up wonderfully until his dad was taken ill, and he seems to have gone back again. He is very devoted to us, and when his dad was ill he was terribly worried and

upset. Up to the time he had to go to school he never left his father's bedside." Eric's ex-Service father was taken ill with double pneumonia, bronchitis and pleurisy, with the result that he is now suffering from heart trouble. For five months he lay between life and death. "We had a terrible time during this period," says his wife, "but he had a fine doctor who never thought of anything but doing his best, and he visited my poor man three times a day. Even now he comes twice or three times a week to see him."

"But the trouble is that my husband will not be able to follow his employment as a chauffeur-gardener on account of his heart, and our only income from any and everywhere is nine shillings a week."

"We have been told that unless we vacate the house we live in (which is in with the situation) they will apply for an ejection order and put us in the street. This is a great worry for me, and more so for my husband, who cannot help himself."

Since Eric's mother wrote this she has succeeded in getting a house at a rental of 11s. 6d. a week and also rates, which is more than she can manage. She has also been granted a little relief in kind.

Their doctor states that Eric's father would be able to do a little light work if he could get it, but will not be fit for full-time employment for some months. "This is a genuine case," he adds. "He would work willingly when he is fit if he could get a job, but at present is very hard up—broke."

Our readers have so often helped to patch up those who are "broke" that we are confident they will send donations earmarked "Eric" to mend his dad.

All donations should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Race with "Silver Ring"

LINCRUSTA FOR LUCRE

THE weights for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire hold out alluring prospects of winning a small fortune for a moderate outlay, but they are a mournful sign that the flat-race season is on the wane and, as such, are greeted with mixed feelings.

One wise regular backer friend of mine believes in playing for safety over the big Autumn double, and I offer his method to my readers for what it is worth, though I prefer going for the long odds myself.

This canny backer takes starting price for the Cesarewitch and, in the event of a win, plays up the lot on the Cambridgeshire. It is the same old double, but he is certain of a run for his money at odds of 200 to 400 to 1. Think it over.

I cannot see any little errors in the handicaps. The official who compiled them knows his job too well.

When the entries were published, a few weeks ago, I chose Duplicate, Whiteplains, Silver Jubilee, Loosestrife, Hands Off and Blue Vision in the long-distance race. From this little group I am going to select Duplicate and Hands Off and am adding Mr. Morris' Lincrusta, trained by F. Armstrong at Middleham.

From my early six for the Cambridgeshire I take Rentenmark, Alcazar and Wychwood Abbot. I hope to have found

both winners and suggest coupling them up as follows:—

Cesarewitch.	Cambridgeshire.
Lincrusta.	Wychwood Abbot.
Hands Off.	Alcazar.
Duplicate.	Rentenmark.

If I took a price about the Cesarewitch at the moment my choice would be Lincrusta. He is by Son-in-Law, so there are no doubts about his stamina. He finished fifth in the Ebor and was running on.

My wagers for Alexandra Park are Voilino, Shell of Gold and Indestructible.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, September 13, to Wednesday, September 19.

Z R 98 T F 94 M P U X O A Q C 93 B
L W N 96 G E D V Y 97 S K H J I 95

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: 95ZSK9694W would read BLOATER.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. O93W96WS2VO would read SIR TROOPS.

Unique at its
price for
power and tone



"His Master's Voice"
ALL-ELECTRIC SUPERHET
AT LESS THAN 5/- A WEEK!

Why not change your old radio set now! There's no need to wait another day when you can have this splendid "His Master's Voice" All-Electric Superhet on these remarkable terms! The famous Four-Forty is the most popular instrument at its price to-day. Why? Because it offers such outstanding value for money.

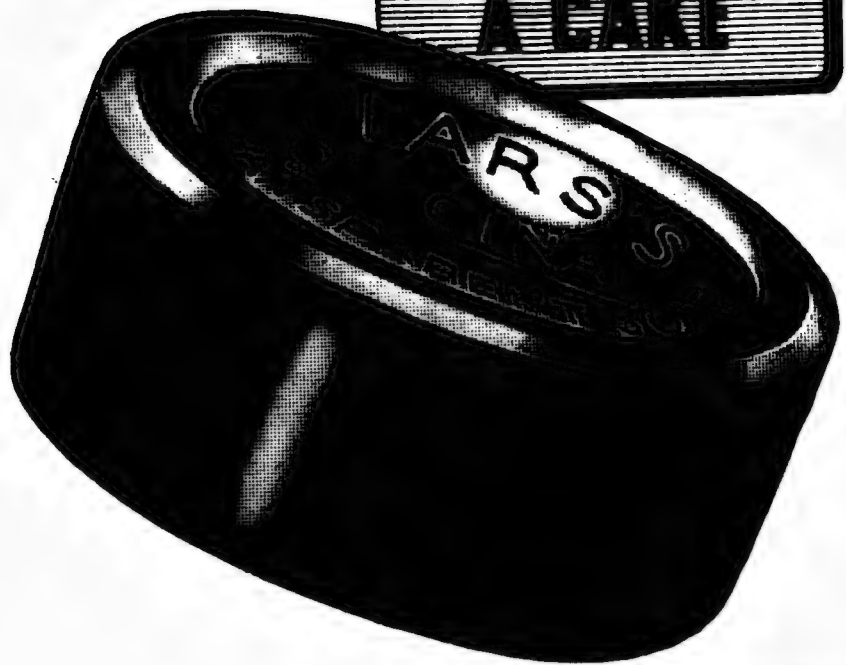
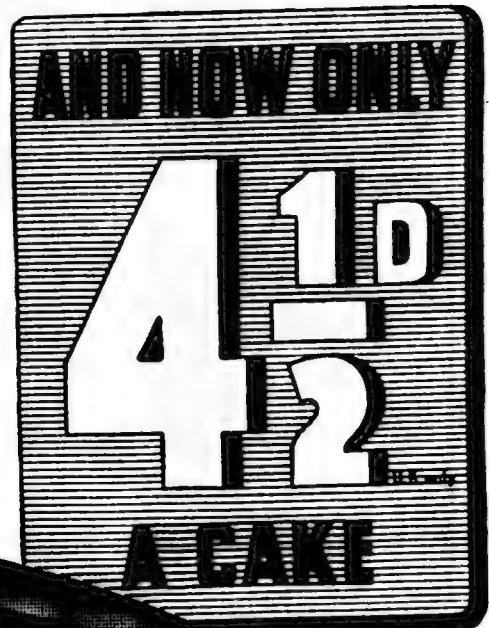
COMPARE THE TONE. First and foremost it gives you that matchless purity of tone that is associated only with "His Master's Voice." Then again, it gives you radio *designed for the conditions ruling to-day*, a new and higher standard of reception, with sensitivity and selectivity that has never been equalled at anything like this price. Even the delightful cabinet, with its beautiful walnut marquetry, marks the Four-Forty as the most desirable set of its kind on the market to-day. And you can have this glorious set in your own home at once for small monthly payments amounting to less than 5/- a week! Ask your dealer for a demonstration to-day.

MODEL FOUR-FORTY. Cash price, A.C., 11 gns.; D.C., 12 gns. Hire Purchase, A.C., £1. 10s. down and 18/3 a month for 12 months; D.C., £1. 10s. down and £1 a month for 12 months.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Write to-day for complete illustrated catalogue of Radio Receivers and Radiogramophones to The Gramophone Company, Limited, 10671 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. (Prices do not apply in I.P.S.)

**You can see through it
—it's so pure**



Hold a cake of Pears Original Transparent to the light and see how clearly the light filters through—how it glows transparently, a rich ruby red. There is your proof of the purity of Pears.

That transparency comes of long maturing. Like a fine old wine, Pears Soap is carefully matured for many months before you buy it—so that every trace of harshness is mellowed out, and it becomes as mild and as pure a soap as money can buy. Yet now it costs only 4½d. for a large, long-lasting cake.

ECONOMY NOTE



There is no waste with Pears Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to a paper thinness. The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake, and becomes part of it.

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Stick or Cream

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That's where you'll find 'em, right there on the new Post Toasties packets—Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse, Pluto, the Three Little Pigs, the Big Bad Wolf—and other famous Walt Disney characters. Just cut them out with a pair of scissors, and you'll have the jolliest collection of toys in the world.

You'll also have the tastiest breakfast food you ever dipped a spoon into—golden, crinkly Corn Flakes—that's Post Toasties. Delicious and healthful as the day is long.



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THERE are three kinds of neighbours, good, bad, and indifferent. There are those who will always lend a hand without expecting or receiving any return. There are others who will take everything and will give nothing.

And there are still others who will have nothing whatever to do with the people next door. They keep themselves to themselves. What is more, neighbourliness varies in different parts of the country. Here is a letter which confirms this fact.

A North-countryman who went to live in Portsmouth eighteen months ago tells me that he has only just reached the "good morning" stage with the people who live near him.

★ ★ ★

"IN Lancashire," he says, "we should have either been good friends or sworn enemies by now. If you get on a bus or a tram in these parts and speak to the person next to you, he looks as though you are completely 'balmy.' 'I don't mind so much for myself because I can manage to rub along somehow. I've got my work during the day, my gardening and wireless at night.'"

"But it's the missus I worry about. She's tried to make friends with the neighbours. But they don't give her much encouragement. Though she's house-proud she's homesick and lonely. 'What's the use of my keeping the place spick and span,' she keeps saying, 'nobody ever comes to see it.'"

"She's always begging me to go back to Bolton where we used to live. But I've got a steady job and I don't want to run the risk of being out of work again. I've had some—eleven months of it."

Unlike most of my correspondents, this man does not ask me any definite question. He does not want to know, for instance, whether I advise him to give up his certain livelihood in Portsmouth for an uncertain one in Bolton. Like so many other people, I suppose he just wished to unburden his mind. All the same, his letter raises a very interesting problem.

It will be generally conceded, I think, that south country folk are more reserved than their northern confreres. At any rate, the opinion of people who migrate from the north is that the "southerner" takes some knowing.

He may do. But as one who was "born and bred" in Yorkshire, I can testify that underneath an apparently cold and formal exterior there beats just the same kind heart.

And I am sure, as time passes, my correspondent will also find this to be true.

★ ★ ★

THERE is a cynical saying that "the first year of married life is always the worst." It is certainly true that the first twelve months in a new town must inevitably be a period of difficulty. Everything is strange. And it is all accentuated by what has just gone before. The home has been uprooted, old friends have been left behind, familiar shops are missed. It takes time to accustom oneself to fresh scenes and new experiences.

My correspondent tells me that he has now reached the "good morning" stage with the people living around him. That is a step in the right direction. I hope it will be followed by more intimate communications. I hope, too, that his wife will share a more sociable atmosphere.

In a recent article I enumerated some of the ways by which lonely folk can find friends. I have sent this information to my correspondent. I hope he will write to me again a little later on to tell me that both he and his wife have made many new and worth-while friends.

In the letter I have quoted the writer complains that his neighbours treat him and his wife with indifference. My next correspondent would like very much to be on those terms. I am interested to see that this man lives in Manchester. This is what he says: "My next door neighbour is making things very unpleasant. It all started

Unneighbourly NEIGHBOURS



"The people next door"—do they realise that their aloofness is causing their lonely neighbour acute unhappiness?

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

probed by

Philip Inman

Send your problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 ls. is paid for each letter quoted.

about two years ago. We were having a party in celebration of my daughter's twenty-first birthday, and we carried on with singing and dancing until the early hours of the morning.

"We picked a Saturday night because we knew that people living near would not have to go to work the next day. In the midst of it all this man from next door came and asked us if we paid the rent of the whole road, and he became most abusive. Since that time he seems to have borne a grudge against me."

"The other day, in my presence, he started talking to some other men and called me the most vile names. He said either I moved or he would, as there was not room for both in the same road."

"You can imagine that it is most uncomfortable, but I cannot leave this neighbourhood, as my living is here. I do hope you will give me a little advice as to the best way of dealing with the matter."

★ ★ ★

NOW I know how annoying it is to have a night's rest disturbed, and if it were a regular occurrence those neighbours would have a right to complain. But, from what my correspondent tells me, the beginning of the trouble was a solitary occasion which happened two years ago. What is more, there was a reason for it. After all, a twenty-first birthday comes only once in a lifetime, and it is customary to celebrate the occasion.

I can only surmise, therefore, that this particular neighbour must be one of those impossible people who ought to live by himself on a desert island.

There are two or three ways of dealing with him. The first is to try by peaceable methods to heal the breach. Is there not some mutual friend who could bring them together?

Last week I was the means of reconciling two men who had sworn that they would remain enemies for life. That is always the best way of dealing with a quarrel of this kind.

But if this attempt does not succeed,

then my correspondent should ignore his neighbour completely. Should this man continue to use "vile names" or annoy him in other ways, drastic measures must be taken.

A solicitor's letter should be sent to him, or the local Police Court Missionary might warn the man of the consequences that will ensue if he persists in his conduct. For the sake of others in the road I hope that an armistice can be arranged, even if a permanent peace cannot be secured.

It is disquieting to reflect that sometimes the greatest blessings of life can be made into a curse. Take wireless, for instance. It has brought comfort and pleasure to great multitudes of people. And yet—well, here is the kind of letter that I am constantly receiving. It comes from a man who tells me:

★ ★ ★

"I WORK hard all day and my nights are a torment because of the selfishness of the neighbours. On one side they have two children who seem to cry incessantly; on the other they have the wireless going on at all hours. 'I have complained to the landlord, but he says if I don't like it I must find another house. Is there any higher authority to whom I can appeal to have this nuisance stopped?'"

Let me deal with these two complaints separately. The first is, "those two young children who cry incessantly." It all depends on the reason for their crying. If it is due to illness, then the only thing is to bear it sympathetically, and hope for everybody's sake that the little sufferers will soon recover.

If, however, it is due either to neglect or ill-treatment, then the local branch of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children should be informed, and they will take the necessary action.

Then, with regard to my correspondent's complaint about the wireless—here he can obtain redress. It will strengthen his hands if he can secure the support of other people in the same road who are similarly annoyed. Then together they should approach the offender, and ask him to confine his listening-in to reasonable hours.

If that fails, there is only one course to adopt. They should lodge a formal protest, either with the local Superintendent of Police or the borough council.

I believe I am right in saying that a Bill is now contemplated to protect householders against a nuisance of this kind.



A Mother speaks—

"It may interest you to know that my baby, now three months old, was given up by two doctors when a fortnight old. They told me there was no hope on account of him being very poorly developed. We tried two different kinds of food, but still he cried, so my neighbour told me to get a tin of Nestlé's Milk—she would pay for it. I got a tin; the first feed he had he slept six hours without stirring, and from then onward he has gained. At three months old weighs 12 lbs. If you think it would benefit any mother to publish this, you are quite at liberty."

MRS. J. G. W., WESTON-SUPER-MARE

NESTLÉ'S MILK

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The original of this and hundreds of other grateful letters can be seen at Nestlé's London Office. All were sent without inducement, none was sought in any way.



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STORK MARGARINE





When your dog is
LISTLESS

It's a symptom of bad blood
and a sign of your neglect

Many kindly-natured people neglect their dogs. Not intentionally, of course, but through ignorance of a dog's simple needs.

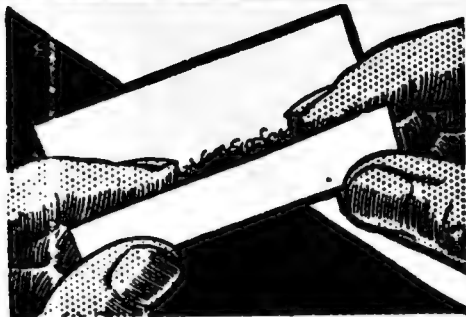
Your dog cannot keep his blood pure by perspiring because there are no pores in his skin. He needs help. He needs a regular weekly conditioning to keep his blood pure. If you neglect this duty he will often be listless and sulky, for impurities will accumulate in his blood and make his liver sluggish.

Start now to keep your dog fit. Provide him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders which remove every impurity from the blood, preventing and curing the common disorders due to impure blood, such as listlessness, sulky temper, loss of appetite, continual scratching, dull and loose coat, eczema and eczema-gout (swellings between the toes).

Thoughtful people keep their dogs fit by correct conditioning—a Bob Martin's Condition Powder three times a day on two successive days in every week.

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CONDITION POWDERS

1/- boxes of 21 powders, 6d. packets of 9



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Save cash and get a
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Be your own cigarette manufacturer and pocket the profits—it's cheaper to roll your own with A.G. Papers. You get something worth calling a smoke—all the flavour and freshness of the tobacco wrapped in this thinner paper that is pure.

Insist on A.G.'s—they're worth it.

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The better
paper for
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GET THE BLADES THAT LAST LONGER



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Over 15 Millions
sold last year
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Windex
MANUFACTURED BY
WINDSOR WORKS LTD. CLAPHAM

THE fifteenth attempt to win the America Cup for Britain is being made this week-end by Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, the aircraft designer, with his racing yacht *Endeavour*.

It was re-named the America Cup, presumably, because it was first won by a United States yacht named the *America* in a race round the Isle of Wight against British yachts. That was in 1851. Since then, eighty-three years ago, we have been trying to win it back again.

The cup itself was actually given by the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes. It cost 100 guineas. Since 1851 roughly £2,325,000 has been poured into that piece of Victorian silver. Including the present contest, *America* has spent £1,425,200 defending it, and we have spent some £900,000 in fruitless challenging.

"That elusive mug," the late Sir Thomas Lipton called it. And well he might. The man who, as a boy, slept under the counter of a Glasgow grocer's shop spent over £800,000 of his fortune to regain it for Britain.

After the last of his attempts with *Shamrock V.* in 1930, American yachtsmen and the syndicate of millionaires whom he had fought single-handed presented him with a silver loving-cup made of Utah silver as a mark of their appreciation of "a good sport." Then he died.

Six hundred thousands pounds is a lot of money to pay for that title and a silver loving-cup. Was it worth it? Was there ever a dog's chance of winning that cup back? Is there a chance now? All international lip service to "sportsmanship" aside, let us look at the facts.

The Royal Yacht Squadron gave the cup. But when the *America* won it and took it back to the United States in 1851, an American lawyer drew up the rules which had to be adhered to before we could win it back again.

★ ★ ★

Two of those rules have had an important bearing on our eighty-three years' record of failure. The first was that the name of the British challenging yacht must be submitted ten months in advance of the race and we would not be allowed to change our choice. Secondly, the British challenger must cross the Atlantic on her own bottom to compete in the race.

It has happened in the past that the American defenders have not commenced even building their boat until the name of the British challenger was in their possession. Then they have deliberately built to beat it.

They have built sometimes two or three yachts and raced these new boats against each other throughout the season, almost to the day of the Cup race, deferring the selection of the defender to the last moment.

But a worse handicap has been that the British challenger had to cross the Atlantic on her own bottom. Therefore, she had to be stoutly built on seaworthy principles to face an ocean voyage and all the strain that entails on hull and tackle.

Arrived in American waters, she then raced for the Cup against some freak craft, a mere racing shell designed to be just strong enough for the coastal currents of the Cup course.

Another point is that in all the races, as far as the British side is concerned, it has been one man's purse and one man's wits against that of many.

In the last contest Sir Thomas Lipton, with *Shamrock V.*, costing him £30,000 in all, fought a millionaire syndicate of Pierpont Morgans and Vanderbilts with four boats costing them £800,000 in all. Their final choice, *Enterprise*, which they selected after testing and tuning it against the other three boats, had cost them £180,000 when it moved across the starting line.

Charles Nicholson, the designer of *Shamrock V.*, had to build a world beater

"America" wins the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup in 1851—and America has won it ever since. Here we tell you why



The CUP only a Miracle can Win

in one go. The Americans had four chances. Their eventual selection was packed with every mechanical device and aid to winning that modern science could devise and a bottomless purse provide.

Its mast alone cost £8,000. It was made of duralumin. The saving in weight here meant about five minutes on each fifteen-mile "leg" of the Cup course. It had winches below decks for trimming the sails. These saved further minutes in manoeuvring. She carried an unlimited supply of sails suited to every possible weather condition. Her sails alone cost more than the entire *Shamrock V.*

Among them were eight mainsails costing nearly £25,000, hand-sewn, of finest Egyptian cotton, and made, like *Shamrock's* sails, at Crewkerne, in Somerset! Sails are the motive power of a yacht. *Shamrock's* were definitely inferior. Sails and the design of them won the Cup for the Americans, again.

★ ★ ★

Shamrock had a better hull. The English designer made a better ship in one go than the Americans did in four. That was proved by the fact that sailing free—before the wind—*Shamrock* beat *Enterprise*. Against the wind the Americans beat us. Better sails and better handling due to the gadgets below and aloft did that for them.

After the race the Americans wanted to buy *Shamrock*. They knew it was the better boat. But "Tommy" Lipton wouldn't sell. Instead, he went to New York with a present of 6 lb. of best tea for the Mayor, and received a present

CAN'T WEAR IT OUT

"H. T." of Walkley, has had a JOHN BULL Fountain Pen for five years. This is what he writes to JOHN BULL:

"I am more than suited with the JOHN BULL Pens. I got my first one five years ago and can't wear it out!"

This is the kind of fountain pen you want—a pen that won't wear out. You can secure a JOHN BULL Pen and save money at the same time by cashing JOHN BULL Pen coupons. Turn to page 38 now.

of the loving-cup in exchange. Every time he lost he used to give 6 lb. of tea to the Mayor. It was dear tea.

What better chance have we this time?

For one thing, after the last race the Americans revised the rules. They knew if they did not there would be no more America Cup races.

"Tommy" Lipton never said a word about it, but it was obvious that he would never race again under the old rules.

As it happened, it was his last race, and there were no visible successors to him.

So the rules now cut out freak craft. Both ships must be built to Lloyd's specifications, "J" class they are called, and be seaworthy ships. Neither ship can have a mast weighing less than 5,500 lb.

Also, more time has been given us to pick a challenger. We are allowed up to sixty days before the race to name the challenger, instead of ten months, as before.

But it is still one man's purse against syndicates of millionaires. It is still one boat against four.

Our challenger still has to cross the Atlantic and her crew have less than a month to convert her back into racing rig and to get in a few practice races to teach them how to work together and handle their boat under new conditions.

★ ★ ★

They must lose weeks of practice, weeks when Americans are training and acquiring polish and refinement, boat handling and organisation. Those are all points which tell heavily in the end. Too heavily.

On the credit side, *Endeavour* is a different boat from any of her predecessors. Sopwith is an aeroplane designer, and he has applied airplane principles to even the cut of the mainsail and the construction of the boom which holds it.

Tests have been made in a wind tunnel where aeroplane models are tested, and a shape of sail evolved which will enable his yacht to sail "into" the wind with a minimum of loss. The boom has been so constructed that it will bend and adjust itself to the shape of the mainsail—direct the flow of wind to the sail's foot.

In addition to that, *Endeavour* is a faster boat "before" the wind than even *Shamrock V.* was. The same man designed them both.

All the same, enormous disadvantages remain. Along Gosport Hard, at Cowes and Burnham, and other places where yachtsmen foregather over here, you won't hear much moaning about it, but the facts remain and need to be told.

They are sufficient to make the odds against the British challenger for the America Cup the most overwhelming in a half-century as "the cup that can't be won."

VIGOUR FOR HEALTHY PLEASURES



COLLAPSED NERVES RESTORED

"Although I am only eighteen, I have suffered with 'nerves' for years, but since taking Phosferine, I feel amazingly better; acute facial 'tic' vanished after the first fortnight, and I have more vitality, sleep well, and my digestion and general health are greatly improved. I had nervous breakdown and wanted to cry for no reason at all; I was nervous and irritable, afraid to go into the street, and the sight and sound of traffic terrified me. Now, after eight weeks of Phosferine, I am happy, and share in healthy games, and forget there are such things as 'nerves.' Others, who think their case hopeless, as I did, should try Phosferine. I know they will be grateful for the rest of their lives." Miss D. Butler, 519, Barking Rd., London.

REVITALISE EXHAUSTED NERVES—WITH PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

Influenza Gastric Pains Sleeplessness Rheumatism Neuralgia
Lassitude Debility Exhaustion Headache Maternity Weakness
Brain Fag Indigestion Nerve Shock Sciatica Anæmia

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All Chemists

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FEEL BETTER TO-MORROW

Help Kidneys

If Kidney Trouble or Bladder Weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching or Acidity, try the Guaranteed Cystex (Siss-tex) Treatment. Must cure or money back. At Boots, Taylors Timothy White's and all chemists.

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Relief from Hay Fever also.
Don't live in constant fear of Bronchial attacks, never-ending, horrible coughing up of phlegm, and sleep-stealing torment. Take RAZ-MAH Capsules. RAZ-MAH will clear up Chronic Bronchitis and end Asthma, quickly, surely. No smokes, sprays, snuffs. Get RAZ-MAH. Relief guaranteed from one 5/- box or 3/- refunded. At chemists, 3/- and 5/- boxes. RAZ-MAH relieves even Chronic Hay Fever.
FREE Trial sample sent on request to Gilmour & Templeton Co., Ltd. (Dept. C.8), 80, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1.
"I have taken RAZ-MAH this winter," writes Mrs. C. L. Wynn, 136, Lyndhurst Road, Woking, "and it is the first time for many years I have been free from Bronchitis."

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KNOWS WHAT
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30 YEARS' SUFFERING WITH DILATED STOMACH

Here is a case of intense interest to all sufferers from indigestion and stomach trouble. Even if you have been in pain for years and have tried all sorts of medicines without relief you can still be cured if you will only do as Mr. M— of Sandwich did and begin taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder at once.

But let him tell his own story—here is his letter: "For nearly 30 years I have suffered with dilated stomach and Duodenal Ulcer, which was sufficiently serious for me to be totally rejected during the Great War. I have been experimented on and tried numerous 'remedies' without result. After taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder for six months I can assure you that I have had no recurrence of the pain, although I have discontinued the powder. I am quite willing to repeat the above under oath, as it may appear too amazing to be believed."

If this wonderful Maclean Brand Stomach Powder can actually bring relief so quickly, why do you hesitate to give it a trial? But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

Why shouldn't a WOMAN Wrestle!

I AM told that when the first women cyclists rode timidly out into Regent's Park sometime in the "naughty 'nineties" the public uproar which ensued shook the country from end to end.

From a thousand pulpits the doom of the home was prophesied. And in the newspapers the whiskered male of the day was told that he could say good-bye to those ideals of sweet womanhood which he had cherished from his youth.

The Home Secretary of that time was asked in the House of Commons if he could do anything to stop the immodest haridians who were undermining the modesty of England's womenfolk. The Home Secretary mournfully answered, "No."

So, apparently, it has been with every new department of sport or health training which women have embarked on since that day. So it is now with this new sport of wrestling for women.

A match has been arranged for me to meet Peggy Parnell at Lane's Club, Baker Street, London, on September 19, in the first wrestling contest for the Women's Championship of this country. From the day the contest was first announced a storm of prejudice, ill-informed criticism and abuse has been directed against it. I am glad of the opportunity to say a word in its defence.

First of all there is such a thing as a women's wrestling movement in this country, and any who try to dismiss it as the occupation of one or two cranks are very wide of the mark. It is a movement that is growing from day to day. In fact, in London and the Home Counties alone there are already dozens of women's wrestling clubs.

One to which I belong, the Victoria Ladies' Wrestling Club, has been actively in existence for over five years. It is controlled by a London Society woman, Mrs. Austen-Hutson, who gives five evenings a week throughout the year to running it.

Almost every night you will see scores of girls there from every class—typists, shop assistants, Society girls, dancers, mannequins—all learning the art of self-defence and developing that grace and strength with which most human beings are originally endowed.

They wrestle with each other under the eye of instructors, and they wrestle with men!

The method used is what is called "free style"—hence, perhaps, the misleading idea that many of its most

by
**IVY
RUSSELL,**
who next week is
wrestling for the
women's champion-
ship

vehement critics have about this new sport. They have interpreted "free style" wrestling as "all in" wrestling, and assume that our method embodies all the brutalities associated with the latter.

They are wrong. There are no brutalities whatsoever in our free-style method—no gougings, strangle-holds, twistings or kickings. But it is as effective, or more effective than any of the barbarous older methods of wrestling. It is a development of jiu-jitsu. It is self-defence first and last, self-defence at its highest and purest.

* * *

Why is it that at some of the clubs the girls wrestle with men? The answer is that it is against the superior physical strength of the male that the method can best be tested. In "free style" the sexes are evenly matched. It is skill which counts, unexpected holds, swift submissions which are really forms of attack. The slenderest skilled woman can more than hold her own against the strongest unskilled man.

My own club, which I run at Croydon, in conjunction with my trainer, Mr. Ted Streeter, late of the Army gymnastic staff, is a mixed one with more than 200 members, girls and boys and children.

As for the objections to women's wrestling, first and foremost is the so-called medical criticism—that it is harmful physically for women to wrestle. I can answer that from experience.

At eleven years of age I was a consumptive and for three years I gradually



Ivy Russell (upright) demonstrates a hold

became worse in spite of what medical attention could do for me. At that time I was not expected to live much longer. But beginning with mild exercises, I began to train as a wrestler. Slowly I became better. Then I took up in earnest wrestling, which was just then beginning.

From that time onwards my health improved. I have wrestled ever since and have never known a day's illness. To-day I can lift 362½ pounds, and without acquiring the physical appearance of a "strong woman" at a circus.

I would like some of the doctors who may have casually supported the medical objections, to visit some of the women's wrestling clubs. They would be welcomed. And they would see girls and women there who are graceful and strong, and with the poise and happiness that perfect health brings.

What are the other objections? "This nauseating exhibition," said one newspaper speaking about our forthcoming contest. That statement springs, as I have said from a misconception of the style of wrestling we adopt. It is no more nauseating than jiu-jitsu, which can be as graceful to watch as a dance.

"It will destroy feminine qualities," is another objection which has greeted all women's ventures into male sports. Nonsense! You will find as much lipstick and powder, and as many pretty clothes in the dressing-rooms of the women's wrestling clubs as you will find in any boudoir. With the difference perhaps that our members have got healthy bodies to adorn.

* * *

"Outrageous," said a parson the other day. "These women seem determined to rob their sex of the respect of all decent men."

There we have the most familiar objection. There the cloven hoof peeps out! The old objection of the male. Is there a tiny, tiny bit of fear in it?

Our answer to that is the root of the matter—our set purpose, as well as that of strengthening and beautifying our bodies. It is self defence.

It is "outrageous" for a woman not to be able to defend herself. Look in the Home Office reports for last year of the increasing number of attacks and brutal assaults on women if you want to find the justification for our sport.

I hope I have said enough to show that the objections to this new women's sport will not hold water. They are as shadowy as were those to women's cycling, hockey, field athletics, cricket, hiking, and so on. And they will vanish just as surely as they have always done.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

PULMAN'S WEEKLY NEWS (DORSET AND DEVON EDITION):—"The ground is very dry and warm, and the sea as well."

EVENING STANDARD:—"She informed the night porter who fired a DOCKET to warn the fire brigade."

THE ILLUSTRATED LEICESTER CHRONICLE:—"The girl, expecting him to go, had turned her head away, and was bowing her nose vigorously."

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA:—"Preparatory School. Entire charge. Apply HEADMASTER."

THE DERRY JOURNAL:—"... distinguishes himself in the peaceful and human pursuit of the PRESENTATION of cruelty to animals."

NORTHERN ECHO:—"And the provision of a subway over the L.N.E.R. branch line."

STORNOWAY GAZETTE:—"The rocket is a large steel cylinder with a pointed NOISE."

WESTERN MAIL AND SOUTH WALES NEWS:—"He dismissed the charge under the PROHIBITION of Offenders Act."

THE BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—"Charged with using OBSCURE language."

EASTERN DAILY PRESS:—"Accommodation Land, with INCONVENIENT Farm Buildings."

THE PALMER'S GREEN AND SOUTHGATE GAZETTE:—"The front wheel of his tricycle was smashed and he had to TALK several miles."

PEEL CITY GUARDIAN AND CHRONICLE:—"Crows and crowds of people eager for holiday."

LIVERPOOL EVENING EXPRESS:—"His lapse was a great shock to witness, who appealed to the magistrate to give him another CHANGE."

OPEN LETTER TO PARENTS

Dear Sir or Madam,

When your children first arrived they brought with them a wonderful lot of sunshine. Later you became proud of the intelligence they displayed, but still later, you became anxious as to what would become of them in the future. Perhaps you were anxious when you visualised them as grown men and women.

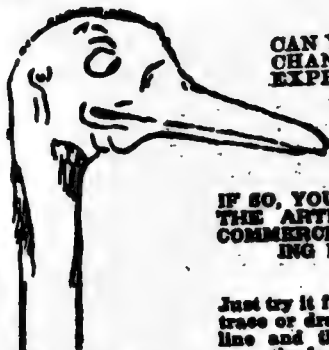
Even with plenty of money it is not always easy to select the right career, and a parent is sometimes inclined to ask advice of some relative and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that relative knows nothing at all about the possibilities of employment. Why not let me relieve you of some of your anxieties? In fact, why not let me be their Father?

We do not profess to act as an employment agency, but the nature of our business compels us to keep an eye upon the class of men and women that are wanted and who wants them. There are some people who manufacture an article and put it on the market to sell. We do not do that, we work in exactly the opposite direction. We find out what employers want and we train our students to fill those jobs. We have to be experts in the matter of employment, progress and prosperity.

If you have any anxieties at all as to what your sons or daughters should be, write to me, or better still, let them write to me personally—Fatherly Advice Department—and tell me their likes and dislikes, and I will give sound practical advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it. Yours sincerely,

Note address carefully: F.A. DEPT. 31, THE BENNETT COLLEGE LTD., SHEFFIELD.

J. Bennett



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We do not profess to act as an employment agency, but we certainly are in a position to give fatherly advice on all careers and the possibility of employment therein.

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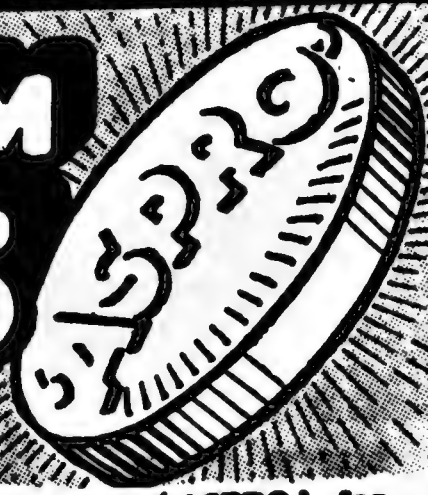
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Why suffer from aches and pains, ills or chills?—there's no need—'ASPRO' will banish them quickly and effectively in a soothing way. Headaches disappear in a few minutes after treatment with 'ASPRO.' Nerviness—neuralgia—irritability—sleeplessness—rheumatic twinges—sciatica all yield quickly to the 'ASPRO' service.

Furthermore, in selecting 'ASPRO' to soothe away your aches and pains, ills and chills, you are selecting a medicine that brings harm neither to the heart nor the digestion. Neither does it create a habit. All can take it, anywhere, at any time. So if you wish to get rid of aches and pains, ills or chills, remember—

'ASPRO' IS THE WAY TO DO IT

Here is Convincing Testimony

SPEEDY RELIEF OUT IN ALL CHRONIC NERVES FROM HEADACHE WEATHERS BUT 'ASPRO' GIVES & SUNGLARE. NEVER LAID UP ALMOST INSTANT RELIEF

Agents: **COLLIN & CO. PTY. LTD.** ('Aspro' Dept) SLOUGH, BUCKS.

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MADE BY ASPRO, LTD., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

Mrs. Wright, of Johannesburg, states:—
"The reason I sent for your 'ASPRO' Tablets was that I had been suffering from a neuralgic headache for about two weeks and had tried almost every remedy, including headache powders, lemon, vinegar, etc., when I saw your advertisement. Upon receipt of your tablets I took two with a cup of hot tea, and I must say that relief was almost immediate. Later I went out into the sun, whereupon my headache recommenced. I again took two of the tablets and was freed from pain."

The Bungalow, Dean Street, Tivoli, Nr. Maidstone.
Dear Sir,
Just a word of praise for your 'ASPRO.' I am out in all weathers, and seven days a week, too, as I work on the land, but 'ASPRO' keeps me fit. If I feel a bad head coming I take 'ASPRO.' or if a cold, neuralgia or that run down feeling, I regularly take 'ASPRO.' The result is I am NEVER LAID UP.
I advise everyone to take 'ASPRO.' Tablets for such ailments. I cannot speak too highly of them.
Yours truly, G. NEAVES.

Gentlemen,
I really cannot resist writing you the praises of your 'ASPRO' tablets. I might say my own case, which is chronic nerves, was caused through an accident two years ago, but I must confess that since taking 'ASPRO' same has simply acted in a most miraculous manner, giving almost instant relief. I certainly will use no other remedy only 'ASPRO' and will recommend it to all my friends.
Yours faithfully, R. HUGHES.

Try 'ASPRO' for
INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
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NEURALGIA
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PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
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'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four table-spoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsillitis, and act as a deterrent.



All leading Chemists and Stores stock and display 'ASPRO'

PRICES WITHIN THE 3^d 6^d 1^s 3 2^d 6^d

PANEL CHEMISTS' DEFENCE

THINGS are not always what they seem: And this applies to the figures supporting the recent article in JOHN BULL headed "Black Sheep Chemists."

If, in fact, things were as the article seems to indicate, then no strictures could be too severe. But, as everybody knows, there is nothing which can be so misleading as figures, and fortunately this case is no exception.

It would be appalling if one in every seven insurance prescriptions was wrongly dispensed. But obviously that cannot be the case because the doctors, the Ministry of Health, or the coroners of the country would have raised an outcry long ago.

Chemists have been dispensing National Health Insurance prescriptions for twenty-one years, and during that time hundreds of millions of prescriptions have been made up by chemists without accident.

This one fact alone is a tremendous tribute to the carefulness of the chemist, because the possibility of a fatal mistake enters into the compounding of every prescription.

The statement was made in the article that there were one million bottles of medicine wrongly dispensed in London which "may be totally useless or actually harmful to sick people," and that chemists unscrupulously dispensed "muck" or medicines which bore no resemblance to the ingredients ordered.

In these three charges we have the whole indictment. What is the reply?

Dealing first with the general statement that prescriptions were wrongly dispensed, to the layman this suggests that wrong ingredients were put in all those prescriptions.

Secret tests

This is not the case. These prescriptions are challenged under arrangements made by the chemists themselves in conjunction with the Ministry of Health. Those arrangements require the Insurance Committees to make secret tests of the dispensing of prescriptions.

Every chemist, big or small, is tested, and if the analyst does not give a 100 per cent. certificate for every ingredient the case is referred for consideration.

The fact that the analyst finds an excess or deficiency of one or more ingredients is sufficient; and however eminent the firm or careful the dispenser may be, the day comes sooner or later when the analyst, working with laboratory standards, challenges the accuracy of the medicine.

But, although these prescriptions are challenged in this way, it does not follow that they are wrongly dispensed. The analyst allows the chemist nothing for manipulative error in working, or for the difference in the sensitivity of scales or accuracy of measures which the chemist uses when compared with those used by an analyst.

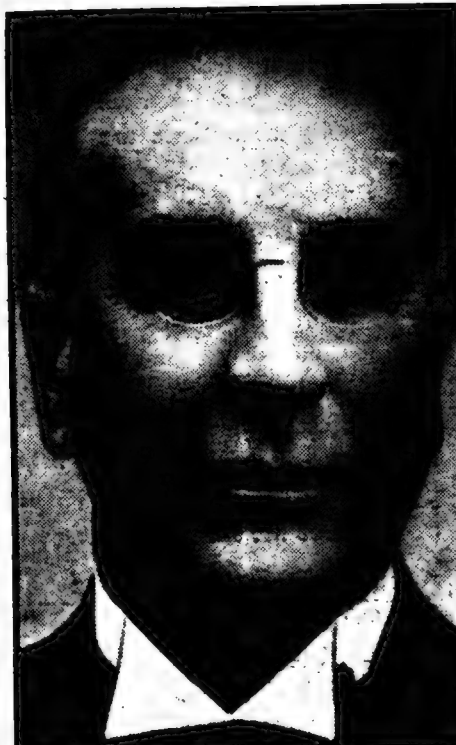
The Board of Trade recognises that allowances must be made for scales, weights and measures used in dispensing as distinct from laboratory work. Occasionally the analyst himself makes a mistake. Also, when the other half of the medicine is analysed on behalf of the chemist, the variations reported by the analyst are often accounted for by the unequal division of the mixture.

The Testing of Dispensing Scheme, negotiated voluntarily between the Ministry of Health and the chemists, makes no official allowance of any kind, although it is recognised that no guarantee can be given that 100 per cent. results can be achieved. At this point it may be as well to state that the excess or deficiency, as the case may be, has no appreciable financial value to the chemist and rarely, if ever, affects the medicinal value to any extent.

The one million prescriptions were not wrongly dispensed. It is fairer to say that these prescriptions did not come up to the 100 per cent. standard fixed by the Ministry of Health and the representatives of the chemists.

That does not matter so long as everybody recognises that the doctors' treatment was not affected and that practi-

—**"Can't Always be
100 per cent.
Right"**



by
G. A. Mallinson
Secretary, National Pharmaceutical Union

ally the whole of the so-called "wrong" prescriptions could be swept away if a suitable official margin or allowance was conceded to chemists, in view of the fact that 100 per cent. accuracy cannot be guaranteed by anybody.

Apparently chemists have damaged their reputation for accuracy and carefulness by the fact that they accepted a 100 per cent. standard when it would have been perfectly legitimate to have fixed a lower standard.

Never accused

A very significant answer to the statement that chemists dispense "muck" and "harmful medicines" is the fact that no Insurance Committee in the country has ever made that charge against a chemist.

There may be a "black sheep" here and there amongst the 10,000 chemists, but it should be widely known that in every area there is a Pharmaceutical Committee whose responsibility it is to report any such cases which come to their knowledge and, further, that the chemists' national organisation expels them from membership. In appropriate cases chemists are removed from the Panel List, a severe penalty which is, fortunately, very rarely necessary.

The reply to the charge that fines are ludicrously small is that they are based on the Food and Drugs Acts penalties. The chemist, however, takes the view that the fines are heavy enough and should be imposed only when there has been carelessness, and not just because an analyst has been unable to extract

100 per cent. from a mixture the chemist has dispensed. The cleverest analysts does not always succeed in recovering the full quantity of everything which is put into a compound medicine, particularly in the presence of vegetable products.

Reference was made in the article to a chemist who was fined £20 for gross irregularities in supplying Insulin. It is noted there was nothing wrong with the Insulin; the charges were of another character altogether. Sometimes an insured person gets from his doctor more prescriptions for Insulin than he can use. He then tries to sell the surplus prescriptions, an irregularity and a breach of the regulations where a chemist is concerned.

Chemists agreed with the penalty inflicted in this particular case, and also with the penalty on the firm that allowed an unqualified person to dispense N.H.I. prescriptions over a long period.

The chemist mentioned in the article whose fine was remitted by the Ministry of Health had been supplying a box of material which he received ready packed believing it to contain the quantity prescribed. He made no secret of the fact that he had been mistaken for several years. There was a breach of the regulations but no moral guilt.

Another charge brought against chemists, and which was supported by instances from the Food and Drugs Act Section of the Ministry of Health Report, was that chemists buy adulterated rubbish or "dead" barks or roots in bulk, and prepare their medicines from these useless articles.

Unqualified traders

The average chemist to-day buys the ingredients of medicines he dispenses ready prepared for use. There are manufacturing chemists who specialise in making them, and with up-to-date laboratory equipment can supply the retail chemist with tested and, in some cases, standardised preparations cheaper than he could prepare them even if he used the "dead" barks and roots. The chemist who does not buy his preparations in this way obviously does not trouble about cost, and would be the last person to buy rubbish.

The Food and Drugs Act Report published by the Ministry of Health covers samples taken from chemists, unqualified drug stores and other traders, and gives no indication from whom a particular sample was obtained. Why should it be assumed that chemists sold the offending articles? In fact, the item "Paregoric without Opium" is not sold by chemists; it is the favourite article of the unqualified trader who, wishing to sell "Paregoric," must leave out the Opium because he is not allowed to sell poisons.

The Minister of Health controls the testing of N.H.I. medicines, and it gives him necessary information about the dispensing of N.H.I. prescriptions.

The Minister's only concern is that insured persons shall receive, as the Act puts it, "proper and sufficient medicines," and when he goes out of his way to say, not only that proper and sufficient medicines have been supplied, but that the chemists have maintained a "high standard," insured persons may be sure that it was out of no desire to be nice to chemists. He wishes everybody to know that insured persons are receiving medicines under the Insurance Act which equal anything supplied elsewhere under any conditions.

Finally, neither chemists nor their representative organisation have ever found either the present Minister of Health or his predecessors "benevolently" disposed towards chemists.

On the contrary, they complain that their rate of remuneration is not sufficient in view of the very high standards which the Minister expects chemists to maintain in connection with the service rendered to insured persons.

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**WITHOUT PURGATIVES OR
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**and you'll jump out of bed in
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If you feel sour and weary and the world looks dreary, don't swallow a lot of salts, liquid paraffin, palatable laxatives or harsh purgatives and expect them to make you feel fresh and buoyant and full of sunshine.

They can't do it. They only move the bowels and that doesn't get at the cause — your liver. Your liver's chief job is to send two pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Your stomach is filled with gas. You have a thick, bad taste in your mouth. Your breath is foul and skin blemishes often break out. You get headaches and feel rotten. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those famous, sure acting, **CARTERS BRAND LITTLE LIVER PILLS** to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing for making the bile flow freely. But don't let them give you just any liver pills. Stand out for Carters Pills, the famous, sure-health kind. Look for the name Carters on the package. At all chemists, 1/3 and 3/-.

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HARPIC

THROW THIS BRUSH AWAY—it can't possibly clean the lavatory-pan properly and thoroughly, scrub as you will, because it can't even reach the bend in the pipe! But Harpic can. Harpic cleans properly.

NOW JUST THIS REGULAR SPRINKLE of Harpic cleans my lavatory-pan thoroughly for me in one operation. At the same time it completely removes the cause of odours—easily, safely and without dangerous acids.

ITS STRONG, DISINFECTANT ACTION kills the dangerous germs in an instant and leaves your lavatory-pan clean, white and sanitary. And there's no unpleasant work for you to do—when you use Harpic.

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END UGLY ECZEMA



in **WORLD'S RECORD TIME!**

It's like waving a magic wand—the incredible way in which Germolene Ointment wipes away ugly ECZEMA! But the SPEED with which Germolene heals is only one of the properties of this amazing Ointment. At the first touch, it SOOTHES awful itching... for good! Then it cleanses away the accumulation of waste matter, and heals in world's record time, leaving your skin as clear and fresh as a baby's. Read this grateful letter:—

"I had Eczema very bad, not dry but wet, and as I tried lots of remedies without getting any results, a friend recommended to me Germolene, and after the first box I was able to see it all dry up."—B. W., Holbeck, Leeds.

Only ONE TIN of Germolene was enough, even after many other remedies had failed! Profit by this sufferer's experience TO-DAY! Get your tin of

Germolene

Brand **ASEPTIC OINTMENT—1/3&3/-**
For dry or weeping Eczema—any sort of Rash—Germolene Ointment will bring instant soothing, world's fastest healing.

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When I SUFFERED in SILENCE

His parents hated me and would not admit me to their home; our meetings were clandestine and correspondence carried on surreptitiously.

Then he fell seriously ill, and as he was under treatment at home, I could not even see him. News of his death came from a kindly neighbour, and I sent a wreath of roses. It was ignored.

When I sat, a lonely mourner, at the back of the church, I suffered in silence more than I can ever tell. For I had sworn to keep our marriage a secret.—*"Bereaved," Derbyshire.*

Lifelong Sentence

"You deceived me," I said, and sent him away. Now, in the twilight, I see sprawling legs from the easy chair, pipe-smoke curling to the ceiling—as is the way of man.

There are dream-children playing in the garden; they call to me; run up the path to kiss me, and then my little room takes on its usual loneliness.

Why did I, incensed by gossip-mongers, refuse him a chance, and sentence myself to a lifetime of suffering?—*Mrs. R., Roker.*

Vain Enthusiasm

One bright June morning I sat by my pal's bedside. The sun was shining brightly, and one felt how good it was to be alive, in spite of ill and pains.

My pal was making plans for a holiday we were going to spend together; now enthusiastic he was, how confident he was that we would have a happy time.

I sat on and suffered silently, each fresh plan going like a knife thrust through my heart, for that morning I was told that my pal's end was drawing near, and ere the sun rose again he was gone.—*H. T., Carmarthen.*

Never-ending Minute

I had taken the wife and kiddies for a drive, when half-way down a steep hill the brakes failed.

The car swept downwards; the chattering and laughing behind me continued—how could they know that my teeth were clenched desperately, my heart throbbing, my face ashen?

For a minute we were in peril of a horrible smash, then we reached level ground. For me that minute was an hour of torture, rendered doubly acute by the necessity of rigidly suppressing it.—*T. C., Sussex.*

Dreading Decision

"Go into the next ward; the M.O. wishes to see you," said the sister at a military hospital in 1918.

Standing next to me in the ward was

a man with his right hand off, and he was dreading a decision that overlapping skin would have to be stitched up.

The M.O. donned a pair of gloves and proceeded to insert several stitches into a wound in my back.

I gave no sign of pain in order to assuage the mental suffering of the soldier looking on.—*A. J., Burnley.*

Sacked

There had been a wave of practical jokes at the works, and the boss had threatened the culprit with instant dismissal if she were discovered.

I knew her to be my best pal, and though I begged her to cease these foolish pranks she only laughed. Then one day the telephone wires were cut, and the blame was fixed on me.

I knew that if I got the sack it would only mean a period of unemployment, and then perhaps another job; but to my pal it meant a widowed mother and two little sisters going without.

So I accepted my notice and the disgusted look of my boss with a smile.—*J. W., Southsea.*

Youthful Stoic

A child of eight; I was taking the part of "Little Jack Horner" in one of the old-time "living waxwork shows."

Elders had impressed upon me the

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, September 18.

Greatest Truth in the Bible.

absolute necessity of keeping quite still once the curtain had gone up. With a stoicism I fear I could not display now, I did it despite the fact that something went into my eye causing intense pain just as the curtain was rising.

There I sat in silent agony, fearing to spoil the show by moving, until my elder brother, playing the part of waxwork show proprietor, carried me off the stage "for repairs."—*H. B., Bedford.*

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches Played on September 15

FIRST DIVISION.

- (1) EVERTON v. Liverpool.
- (2) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Preston.
- (3) DERBY v. Leicester.
- (4) ARSENAL v. W.B. Albion.
- (5) HUDDERSFIELD v. Grimsby.
- (6) MANCHESTER C. v. Stoke.
- (7) Middlesbrough v. Birmingham.
- (8) PORTSMOUTH v. Leeds.
- (9) Aston Villa v. Sunderland.
- (10) BLACKBURN v. Wednesday.
- (11) Chelsea v. HOTSPUR.

SECOND DIVISION.

- (1) NORWICH v. Plymouth.
- (2) West Ham v. Fulham.
- (3) Newcastle v. Bradford.
- (4) BARNLEY v. Swansea.
- (5) Blackpool v. Brentford.
- (6) BRADFORD C. v. Oldham.
- (7) Bury v. Forest.
- (8) Notts County v. BOLTON.
- (9) PORT VALE v. Manchester U.
- (10) SHEFFIELD U. v. Burnley.
- (11) SOUTHAMPTON v. Hull.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

- (1) NORTHAMPTON v. Reading.
- (2) Q.P. RANGERS v. Brighton.
- (3) Watford v. Clapton Orient.
- (4) BOBOMBE v. Gillingham.
- (5) Bristol R. v. Bristol C.
- (6) Newport v. Coventry.
- (7) CHARLTON v. Southend.
- (8) C. PALACE v. Luton.
- (9) EXETER v. Millwall.
- (10) SWINDON v. Aldershot.
- (11) TORQUAY v. Cardiff.

NORTHERN SECTION.

- (1) DONCASTER v. Accrington.
- (2) HARTLEPOOL v. Gateshead.
- (3) Southport v. DARLINGTON.
- (4) BARROW v. Walsall.
- (5) Carlisle v. Rotherham.
- (6) Mansfield v. CHESTERFIELD.
- (7) CHESTER v. York.

- (8) Crewe v. Stockport.
- (9) LINCOLN v. Wrexham.
- (10) Brighton v. Tranmere.
- (11) Rochdale v. HALIFAX.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

- (1) KILMARNOCK v. Falkirk.
- (2) ST. JOHNSTONE v. Partick.
- (3) QUEEN OF SOUTH v. Dunfermline.
- (4) ABERDEEN v. Motherwell.
- (5) ALBION ROVERS v. St. Mirren.
- (6) CLYDE v. Hibernian.
- (7) HAMILTON v. Celtic.
- (8) HEARTS v. Airdrie.
- (9) QUEEN'S PARK v. Dundee.
- (10) RANGERS v. Ayr.

Probable winners are set in capitals. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOWE BULL selections in code in the Daily Herald and Sporting Life each Friday morning. Example Code.—Div. I.—4 (H); Div. II.—3 (H); Southern Section.—2 (H); Northern Section.—4 (H); Scottish Section.—10 (H) would indicate Arsenal, Notts County, Queen's Park Rangers, Barrow and Rangers.

On Mondays the Sporting Life publishes a list of the dividends declared by the prominent Football Pool firms, enabling you to start the week knowing exactly how you stand. There are forecasts for the following Saturday's games, too.

And every Thursday comes an invaluable aid for punters—the great Sporting Life Pool Chart, giving at a glance in handy tabloid form matches played, results, points, form and the predictions of experts.

A specimen of this wonderful chart awaits you. Write for your copy to Sporting Life (Dept. J.B.), 68, Long Acre, W.C.2.



Worth It?

Twist—twiddle—curl.

"Madam, think of the result!" My head fixed as if in a vice, and reflected again and again around me, a curious instrument of torture.

Minutes of agony and heat intolerable; every hair well and truly cooked. Never again for me such an ignominious position.

Three or four hours later—"Beautiful, madam! Wasn't it worth it?" Well, I suppose it was!—*E. M. L., St. Erth.*

Allayed Her Fears

Hard and cruel, the dentist's forceps hovered before my face. I shrank as they disappeared into my mouth and fastened on my large back tooth.

This way and that the dentist tugged, interminably it seemed. Then there was a rending, and the tooth was out!

For the first time in my life I hadn't uttered a sound in the dentist's chair, because my little girl was waiting to occupy it after me.—*W. H., Liverpool.*

Nightmares

I awoke with a terrible pain in my right side. I realised it was serious, but I also knew that I must say nothing about it, let no one even suspect, if I were not to spoil the happiest day of my daughter's life, her wedding day.

Although I succeeded in acting in a normal manner, the church ceremony, the reception and wedding breakfast were nightmares to live through.

When the honeymoon was over, my daughter was surprised to find me recovering from a successful operation.—*"Dad," Carlisle.*

Assisted Escape

The pampered son of a rich man, he piled up his car late one night, and I had to "write up" the accident for the local paper for which I was reporter.

After publication of the story my editor got to hear that there was a "lady in the case," and severely dressed me down for not getting her name.

I took it lying down, for I knew her, and had helped her to get away. It was the editor's own wife!—*T. L., Lydd.*

Decamped

It was at Victoria Station I bid my husband "God-speed." There were dozens of other wives at the boat train trying to send their men away to the War with a smile.

My task was made harder, almost impossible by the news I had had that morning; for how could I tell my husband at that moment that his business partner had decamped, leaving us destitute; that the business he had worked so hard to build up had been stolen by a man he thought his best friend?—*Mrs. W., Brighton.*

Never will I forget the agonising suspense which I experienced during those silent moments before a little cry in a room upstairs told me that I had become a father.—*A. G., Glasgow.*



POLISH THEM DAILY

The DAILY SHINE for smarter shoes....
The DAILY SHINE for greater comfort.
The DAILY SHINE for longer wear.....
The DAILY SHINE for waterproof shoes

Polish them Daily with

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

and notice the difference

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Instant Relief!



Never neglect the early symptoms of lung and chest troubles, but at once inhale the soothing fumes of Potter's Asthma Cure. It gives immediate relief, ease and comfort. Why endure misery by day and suffer from sleeplessness at night when you can so easily be freed from your trouble? Potter's Asthma Cure is excellent for Bronchitis of children, Croup and Whooping Cough. Keep a tin handy ready for use.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

is supplied by all chemists in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct, post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.C.1. (Makers of Potter's Asthma Cigarettes)

Some cures are like a rocket—and the sales come down like the stick. But 'EASOFF' the public is finding good. And we're building up brick by brick.

The genuine chewing gum that reduces smoking greatly. From Boots and many Chemists. Easoff (Pat. 242,945), 20, Broadwood, Bristol, 1.



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SPECIAL HOME TRIAL OFFER OF AMBRON NU-STYLE CORSELETTE.

Use the coupon on page 29 to enjoy the latest invention in figure slimming support and comfort. Sent on appro. for 1/- deposit! Money refunded if dissatisfied. Turn to p. 29 NOW!

RAILWAYMAN RELIEVED AFTER OPERATION FOR GASTRIC ULCER & APPENDIX

Mr. F. Wood, 9 Sutton St., Holloway Road, Birmingham.

writes:— "I have been in Hospital to have a serious operation for Gastric Ulcer and Appendix. On meeting a friend who knew of my suffering, he asked me to give Vitadatio a trial, and grateful I am for the benefit I have received from it. I am a railwayman, and my duty keeps me on the go, but I must say there has been no sickness since taking Vitadatio."

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The World-renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood purifier—invaluable for Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints. Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives. It may save yours. It has no substitute. Sold by Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle (per post 6d. extra in United Kingdom). Special 21/- bottles, for export only, post free. From VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

Radio for only 5/- a week.

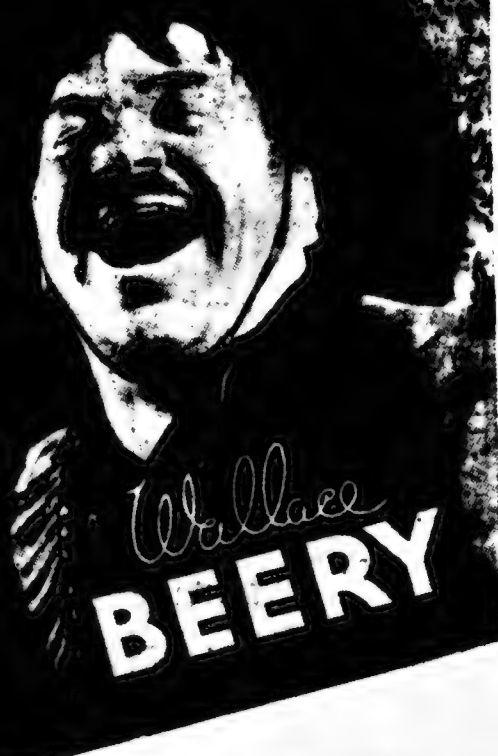
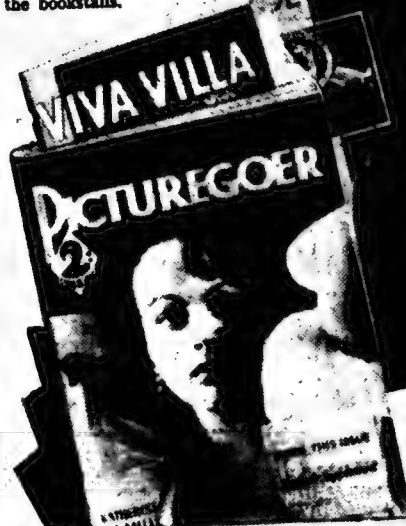
There's no need to wait another day when you can have a splendid "H.M.V." Superhet on these very low terms. FREE! Write to-day, mentioning "John Bull," for complete illustrated catalogue of Radio Receivers and Radiogramophones and full details of easy terms. The Gramophone Co., Ltd., 1067, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1 See page 25.

FREE

Out to-day

VIVA VILLA

Here is a reproduction much below actual size showing the wonderful 16-page "Viva Villa" Supplement, and below is a miniature reproduction of to-day's "Picturegoer" which contains this fine Souvenir. Look for this cover at newsagents and on the bookstalls.



INSIDE every copy of "The Picturegoer"—out to-day, Thursday—there is presented to readers, absolutely FREE, a beautiful 16-page, full-size Art Souvenir Supplement of "VIVA VILLA"—the great new M.G.M. master film—soon to be generally released in this country—the film in which Wallace Beery and Fay Wray achieve their greatest triumphs.

This magnificent supplement will make film history, and will be eagerly read and kept by film lovers everywhere. It is packed from cover to cover with the most striking and beautiful pictures from the film. It tells the dramatic story of "VIVA VILLA," and gives a complete "Who's Who" of the actors in this mighty picture. One fascinating feature of this supplement whisks you into the midst of Mexico's colour and romance. Another unveils studio secrets that will surprise you. The supplement also reveals the absorbing life story of Wallace Beery, with illustrations of scenes from his previous successes, and is enhanced by a magnificent Art Plate of Wallace Beery and his wife.

Don't miss this thrilling all-photogravure Souvenir. It's one of the greatest treats of the Autumn Film Season. And it's Free—inside "The Picturegoer"—out to-day. Hurry for your copy before the issue is sold out.

MAGNIFICENT 16-PAGE ART SOUVENIR OF THE M-G-M SUCCESS "VIVA VILLA" inside every copy of the PICTUREGOER OUT TO-DAY—2D.

WITH ALL PRIZES OF £5 OR MORE IN 'JOHN BULL'S'

£2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE **OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £250**

YOUR £10-15s RADIO
-Will be a "Cosor"
All-mains Console Model as seen at this year's Radio Exhibition. Battery Receiver available to winners having no electric current.

BONUS AWARD VALUE... A SEASON TICKET PROVIDING 80 FREE OF ENTRIES FOR OUR CROSSWORD CONTEST FOR EVERY RUNNER-UP FROM WHOM WE RECEIVE TWO OF ENTRIES IN SAME EDITION

£200 FINE SUM BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

A MUSEMENT and a big opportunity of securing a prize were never more happily combined than in a "John Bull" Crossword. You will chuckle as, one by one, you work out the Solutions to the ingenious Clues below.

When your squares are complete, off goes your entry. And then on Thursday, September 27, there may well be a thrilling telegram for you from "John Bull." Your reward for half an hour's amusement may prove no less than a Life Pension of £2 a week and a fat cheque for £250!

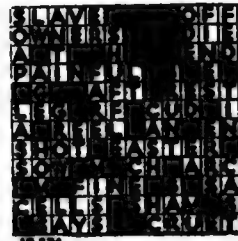
83

RADIO WINNERS
(see page 2)

Every home needs wireless to-day; this Competition will bring to every winner of £5 or more a splendid additional award of a £10 15s. "Cosor" Radio. At the Radio Show these magnificent instruments were admired by thousands; when one is pouring out its melody in your home you will realise that this set is as fine as it looks.

Settle down to the puzzle this evening, give every care to the entertaining Clues, and see that your squares reach us by noon, Thursday, September 20; and a huge success may well be yours.

"JOHN BULL" will pay a Life Pension of £2 a week and £250 (or a lump sum of £850) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An increased amount of £200 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of a Season Ticket providing 80 Free entries to our Crossword contest will be awarded to every Runner-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in the same envelope. To the winner of any cash prize of £5 or over, a "Cosor" Radio Set, value £10 15s., will be sent. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, Sept. 27, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 4.



Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 274.

Winners in 273 on page 2. Result of 274 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 274 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-Word Competitors. We wish to emphasize that no claims are required for this X-Word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

ADDRESS ENTRY "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 276, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 276—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, SEPT. 20, 1934



In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value.....No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6D.

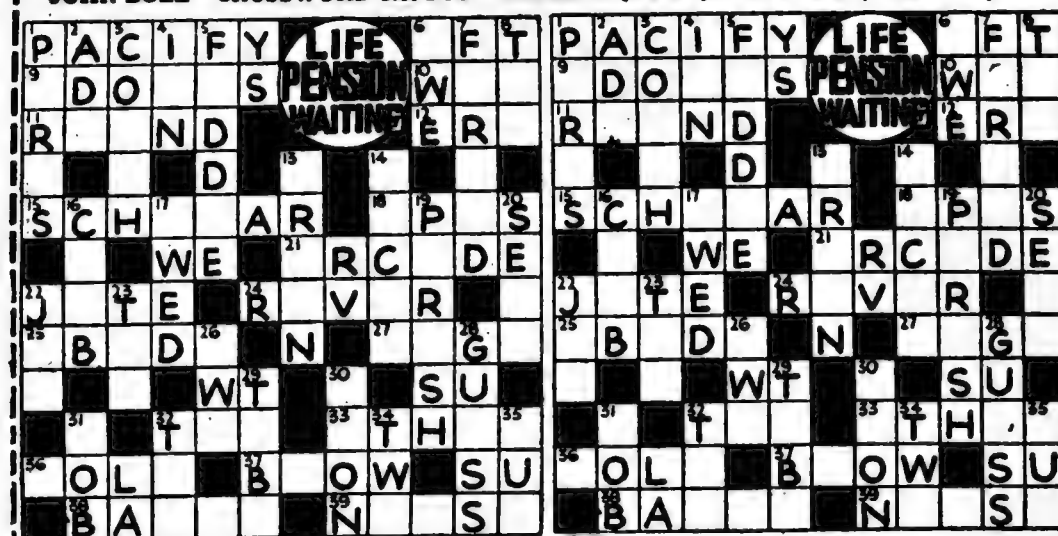
SIGNED

ADDRESS

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 276—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, SEPT. 20, 1934



In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value.....No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

SIGNED

ADDRESS

STUDY THESE CLUES

- ACROSS**
1. Quieten down
 2. Towards the stern of a ship
 3. Youth often coupled with Venus
 4. Grief
 5. Describes the earth
 6. Before
 7. He goes to school
 8. Big brothers of monkeys
 9. Covered way lined with shops
 10. Fibre used for ropes
 11. Thames is Britain's largest
 12. Place where you live
 13. You often do this on the dotted line
 14. Refreshing drink
 15. "When...lips..."
 16. Keeps water from coming in
 17. You get this on a hill
 18. Are put up as a precautionary measure
 19. A string produces this

- DOWN**
1. Where tree-bordered roads are plentiful
 2. Fume
 3. Hard little one is difficult to get rid of
 4. You find rest and food here
 5. Another name for violin
 6. Reverential fear
 7. Not genuine
 8. Golfer drives from this
 9. Can take you beyond your station
 10. What those tight-lacing Victorians pulled
 11. Helps angler's sport
 12. Was in debt to
 13. Vicar looks after his
 14. Tears are, quickly, by mother
 15. Is provided with air-light cover
 16. Driver needs extra care when passing one
 17. Female sheep
 18. Conjecture
 19. Are sewn on clothing
 20. Depends on the sun
 21. What howler sometimes gives batsman
 22. Two short of a dozen
 23. This would make the dozen
 24. Regret

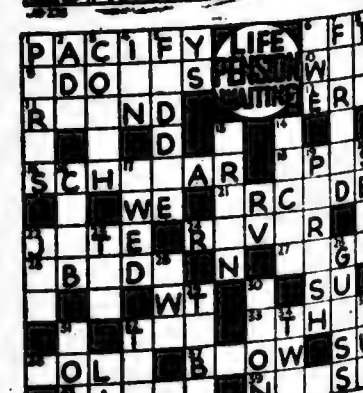
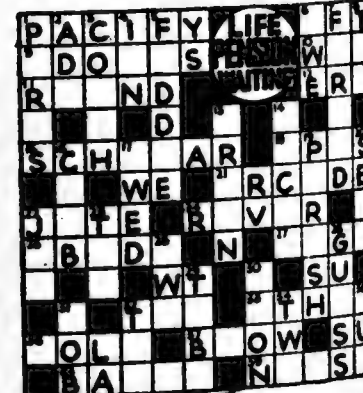
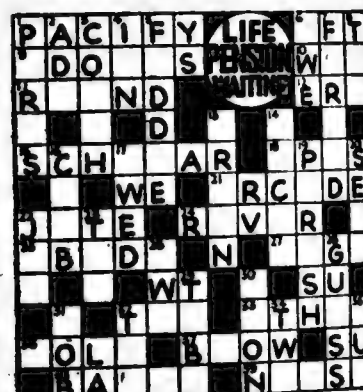
READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE, for four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, September 20.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENCE ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 4, 1934. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, October 14, 1934, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £200 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW.
These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.
A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between abarers' Newsagents.

FREE HELP FOR X-WORD ENTRANTS.
Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address: Bull's Crossword Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2 or register for 12 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bullets" page.

NEXT WEEK'S MONSTER—£30 Monthly for Life and £1,500!

The Editor Laughs Last



F. C. (Colne).—"When the bandit held me up at the point of his revolver, I simply looked him straight in the face." And did he realise that you had the more deadly weapon?



F. W. (Oxford).—"Steering a racing eight is no joke." A stern business.

VICTOR (Bude).—"I can sit on the rocks for hours, enjoying the air." And an air cushion?

Ms. T. (Atherstone).—"Although I seem to be getting fatter every day, I have now given up worrying about it." You found it only made you thin on top?

D. N. (Highbury).—"A doctor says that courage is a matter of diet." People fond of spinach have plenty of grit.

F. N. (Rochester).—"Most cricketers seem to write about cricket." Mightier with the pen than on the sward.

A. B. (Cowes).—"Yachting is an education in itself." It certainly teaches you the ropes.

H. N. (Cork).—"I sold my car for £100 as I was hard up." That should put you on your feet again.

F. L. (Basingstoke).—"When his cottage was burnt to the ground Giles lost his temper." He flared up, too.

H. Y. (Clapham).—"Why are there so many animals in cages at the Zoological Gardens?" Because the gates are kept shut.

C. N. (Birmingham).—"A man broke a rib as he leaned over the back of a seat." That may teach him to buy his own newspaper in future.

S. G. (Birmingham).—"This year I took my holiday without my wife, and what do you think I did?" Nothing to write home about.

MOTHER (Cromer).—"My baby boy fell on the beach and, although his eyes were full of sand, he did not cry." Full of grit?

GOLFER (York).—"Since starting as a golf professional my income has averaged over £1,000 a year." Business is evidently going with a swing.

APPRENTICE (Seaton).—"My master sent me for some stirrup oil, but the saddler only beat me with a strap." He evidently intends to make you smart at both ends.

O. L. (Whitstable).—"Defective hearing is a very common complaint in this country." We have often noticed this when trying to buy a stamp in a village post-office.

H. R. (Taunton).—"An American golfer claims to have hit a golf ball over a range of hills." There is no reason why he shouldn't make this claim. After all, he's a golfer and an American.

L. B. (Raynes Park).—"My neighbour's lawn-mower won't cut." Try his shears.

MARY (Reading).—"My boy, who is generous in other things, never buys me chocolates." Perhaps he considers you dear and sweet enough without.

T. P. (Yarmouth).—"Deep-sea divers never lose their sense of smell while under the water." This must make it doubly exasperating when they come across a bottle of whisky.

R. L. (Cardiff).—"You will be interested to hear that a boy of nine has grown a fine crop of gooseberries." Just the fruit we should expect a young shaver to take an interest in.

If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

ANGLER (Brighton).—"We became engaged whilst out fishing." What bait did she use?

B. S. (Aston).—"Tradesmen don't like customers moving." They like them to settle.

GROCER (Salisbury).—"Errand-boys on bicycles are generally pretty safe." They are used to dodging things.

TOM (Swansea).—"Supper is my heaviest meal of the day." It helps you to sink into a deep sleep?

VENOMS (Palmouth).—"I have suffered from varicose veins for more years than I care to remember." Long-standing?

SECRETARY (Portland).—"The football team has firmly made up its mind to train every night." In preparation for your away matches?

R. W. M. (Glasgow).—"Man is the only animal that laughs." He is the only animal that has a Parliament.

D. S. (Loose).—"In the middle of their harvest season the shopkeepers received orders to close their shops. They didn't obey." Open rebellion?

G. W. H. (Parkstone).—"My brother-in-law took all the lettuce out of the salad, and left me with the onion only." Was that the cause of your tears?

ALGY (Wimbledon).—"I was so popular at the seaside, that several people asked me for my autograph." Your landlady, though, preferred pound notes.

Mrs. K. (Harpender).—"An expensive new dress material will not crumple." But husbands will when they see the bill.

SCULPTOR (Chelsea).—"Only one girl in 5,000 in this country is physically perfect." And all the others insist on wearing one-piece bathing suits.

R. J. (Putney).—"When are you going to offer television sets as prizes?" When we can see something in them. Meanwhile, page 39 offers 100 Radio Sets this week, each with a cheque—that's your opportunity to get a look in.

V. P. (Elstree).—"Movie stars still have to diet to stay thin." The plots of their films manage to stay thin without any effort, however.

BOWLER (Bridport).—"My cousin, married for the second time, wore the same hat as at his first wedding." What are the odds on him performing the hat-trick?

N. B. (Glasgow).—"It is possible to get some very tuneful music out of the bagpipes." Well, someone had evidently got it all out of the ones we heard recently.

J. B. (Hastings).—"Everybody ought to work an extra hour a day." Many people we know would then work an hour every day.

SOMNAMBULIST (Lulworth).—"I was found by the police at 2 a.m. walking along the cliffs, sound asleep, yet perfectly safe." As you were asleep, you couldn't drop off.

R. W. (Dorking).—"A burglar was arrested while frying steak and onions in the kitchen of a house he had robbed." It's not surprising that the police got on the scent.

MISS R. (Southampton).—"Girls in Chicago are having their sweethearts' portraits painted on their finger nails." Later on, of course, they'll be under their thumbs.

O. R. (Hampstead).—"Scientists announce that no new sin has been discovered in the past 5,000 years." That will cause a feeling of futility among ambitious 'varsity undergraduates.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

MAN! Are You 100% Alive?

YOU have no apology for being a weakling—a make-believe man—one who is laughed at, despised about, despised. It's your own fault if you are weak, nervous, despondent, ailing, and complaining. You can be a Manly Man—the Man that all admire and respect. No matter how you may have neglected yourself in the past, or what your mistakes, you can be re-built, with a plentiful supply of Manly vigour, by

STRONGFORTISM
The Modern Science of Health Promotion
IT aids Nature in overcoming such ailments as Catarrh, Constipation, Indigestion, Thinness, Rheumatism, Bad Blood, Nervousness, Neurasthenia, and the numerous other results of neglect WITHOUT DRUGS OR MEDICINES.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK
"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy"
It will reveal frankly to you how you can become a vigorous specimen of manhood and a credit to yourself and your social and business associates. You will learn how to build up your body, develop your nerve and will power, your individual talents and capabilities. It will show you the way to Energy, Vitality and Success.
WRITE FOR THIS FREE BOOK TO-DAY.
LIONEL STRONGFORT INSTITUTE
Dept. 431, LONDON, S.W.16

Fill in the coupon on page 23 for full particulars of the DRAGE FREE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION OFFER of Free Gifts and substantial reductions in prices in wonderful furnishings values. And the usual 50 Pay-Way Terms for approved accounts.

Men everywhere are changing to these Smoother-Shaving Blades.

And no wonder—for Stead Blades give smoother, cleaner and quicker shaves. And last for weeks longer too. The handy Stead Wallet contains seven blades, each in an individual compartment. Each blade is rested one week after using. This restores its original keen shaving edge. Stead Blades and the Stead Wallet mean shaving joy and comfort for months ahead. No better blade at any price.

STEAD
RAZOR BLADES

Buy a Stead Wallet on your way home to-day.

7 Blades for 6d.

Buy them from Boots, Taylors Drug Stores, W. H. Smith's Bookstalls, or most dealers.

The KID





HEAVY DEATH TOLL

DO you realise that the death toll of home accidents is actually greater than the toll of the road? Every year nearly 8,000 people lose their lives in carrying out what are generally looked upon as simple home tasks.

"JOHN BULL'S" £110 CHEQUES.

Included in JOHN BULL'S comprehensive Insurance Gift is the provision of benefit up to £100 for Home Accidents.

This week alone JOHN BULL announces two payments of £110 to the dependents of registered readers who have received fatal injuries in Home Accidents. Each of these payments includes the 10 per cent. bonus added to benefits paid to readers of over three months' standing.

Mrs. Frances Riley, of 70, Webster Road, Smithdown Road, Liverpool, was about to start ironing. Her iron was heating on a gas-ring which was on a low stool. Without warning, her clothes came in contact with the flames, and despite every effort to save her she died from burns.

The second case is that of:

Mrs. Mary Thomas, of 33, Curwen Street, Preston. She was working in her kitchen when she fell over a stool and broke her ankle. Everything possible was done for her, but she died as the result of a clot of blood forming in the veins above the fracture.

Remember, in addition to providing benefits for fatal as well as non-fatal accidents in Home and Garden, JOHN BULL is the only paper in the world to safeguard the home against Fire, Storm and Flood Damage.

It is the only paper in the world to pay benefits for Sickness.

It is the only paper to add a 10 per cent. bonus to every benefit paid to readers who have been registered for three months or more.

Benefits for Accidents on the Sports Field, while Boating or Bathing, and for Children's Accidents are among other excellent features of JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift.

Act to-day! Fill in the forms below now.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent)

Address

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature

Address

Date

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 15/9/34

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department,
125, Long Acre, London, W.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature

Age

Address

Name and Address of Newsagent

Date

Use (d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if (d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 15/9/34

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE

3^d

RADIO BOOM

—and "John Bull" is helping

IN scores of homes to-day, JOHN BULL readers are listening each evening to varied entertainment from first-class radio sets. They have won for themselves and their families the freedom of the ether—and all for writing a few well-chosen words on a *Bullets* coupon, or filling up a Crossword entry.

At this very moment a famous radio factory is busy assembling 100 more receivers which will soon find their way to *Bullets* homes—and upon the 83 instruments which have been won in Crosswords this week.

In performance, as well as appearance, they eclipse even those which have figured in past radio offers. And every instrument plays its part in the radio boom which is helping to reduce unemployment.

Judge for yourself from these tributes to *Bullets* Radios the efficiency and elegance of the receivers awaiting winners to-day.

"My *Bullets* Radio really is a splendid set," says Mr. G. Cain, Attleboro' Lane, Water Orton, Birmingham. "So much so that my son, who works for a firm of wireless dealers, Northern Radio Supplies, Aston Street, Birmingham, declared on hearing and examining it, that he would advise his boss to stock it."

Another letter selected at random comes from Mr. J. Carr, 32, Shaws Road, Birkdale, Southport. "I am delighted with my radio," he says. "Its tone and selective power have astonished me."

Our files contain scores of such messages from *Bullets* radio winners. And soon, we know, this week's batch of 100 fine 1935 instruments will be flooding our postbag with more appreciations.

How can you secure one of those 100 fine receivers with a substantial cheque as well? Let one of last week's biggest winners tell you how he climbed the *Bullets* ladder. A simple, homely incident gave Mr. R. Heath, 33, Bentley Road, Nun-eaton, the idea for his *Bullet*, which won £50 with £4 Bonus.

"I had been studying *Examples* for *Bullets* No. 950," he explains, "just before my wife carefully put away a tablecloth as she always does—in its exact folds. A keen 'Bulleter', I spotted two good doubles in the words 'cloth' and 'fold'."

"Looking again at the *Examples*," he goes on, "my eye was caught at once by *BACK TO THE FOLD*. It did not take much juggling to evolve my second Prize *Bullet*, *BACK TO THE FOLD* 'THE CLOTH' Turns Us.

PERSONAL COLUMNS

"In no small measure I owe my success to *Bullets Bulletin*," says Mr. R. Heath, one of last week's biggest winners. "It always seems written to me personally."

Do you realise that there may actually be a personal message about your efforts in this week's *Bullets Bulletin*?

Post off to-night for the free weekly aid of John Bull's entertaining guide to success. Your Reservation Coupon is on opposite page.

The thought, you see, was one which might have occurred to anybody and there was nothing difficult about the way he worded it. Notice, too, the neat winning efforts below, any of which might easily have come from your pen.

We are now seeking 100 good *Bullets* for this week's Cash-plus-Radio offer and an effort of yours on one of the coupons from the opposite page may well be amongst the winners of these fine prizes.

OVER £1,200 CASH AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE £600, COMPETITION No. 951

F. KEELING, 5, Five Ash Road, Northfleet, Kent.

Example:—SETTLED

Bullet:—IN FEW "WALKS," NOWADAYS.

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

E. H. SIMPER, "Kingston," Stream Road, Kingswinford Staffs.

Example: Wanted For Murder

Bullet: Forger—Pal Jugged Elbow!

THIRD PRIZE, £30:

H. FRY, 69, Sandhurst Road, Kingsbury, London, N.W.

Example: If Only

Bullet: Enforced Holidays Were Over!

OTHER PRIZES

£20: H. J. WEST, 31, Blairderry Road, London, S.W.
Wrong—Calling—Wrongly Called "Incompetent."

£10: P. H. FORTEY, 50, Marina, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
Worry And Care—Built Business—Demolished "Builder."

£10: P. BAINBRIDGE, 8, Allen Street, Harts-hill, Stoke-on-Trent.
Time To Play—"Pip" Broadcasting That "Signal."

£17: P. A. COOK, 193, Kinson Road, East Howe, Bournemouth.
Auntie Departed And—Exhausted Guard Missed Train!

£10: Mrs. M. REDWOOD, 134, Coronation Road, Sheerness.
Pool Next Door—To Genuine Paradise, Man.

£15: A. ENDERSBY, 7, Milestone Parade, North Cheam, Surrey.
Wanted For Murder—And "Stealing" Yard's Reputation.

2 OF £14 EACH
F. O. MACKIE, 3, St. Paul's Road, Margate.
When Things Are Bad—Landlady's Mollie "Curry On!"

L. G. ROBERTS, Coed Ucha, Dyffryn, Merioneth.
In Years To Come—Weather Valves, Not Weathercocks.

2 OF £13 EACH
D. BAIN, 5, Broomlands, Paisley.
If Only—Drunkards Saw Themselves Blind!

L. WELLS, 83, Wellington Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea.
At The Police-station—Overmuch Loitering With Charged.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

2 OF £12 EACH
G. A. GREEN, 4, Cecil Terrace, Stamford, Lincs.
War In The Air—While International "Programmes" Clash

F. WRIGHT, 33, Brompton Lane, Strood, Rochester, Kent.
Trying—So "Satisfying" Myself, Anyway.

2 OF £11 EACH
E. BROWN, 12, Tramway, Liverpool.
Settled—Outside Court—Missionary "Won."

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
E. COATHAM, War Memorial Hospital, Rhyl.
Doesn't Answer—Opportunity's Bell? Keep "Pressing"!

2 OF £10 EACH
Miss D. R. FIELD, 27, Illey Road, Oxford.
Girl In The Bus—Driver Understood Her "Signals."

M. HUNT, 16, Tay Street, Liverpool.
Easier—To Penn. When Toughened.

A list of all other cash prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

"John Bull" Insurance Gift Registration Forms and the "John Bull" Pen Coupon await you in the adjoining columns.



BULLETS IN THE RADIO PRIZES DOUBLED

£6000

CASH PLUS RADIO

£50 £25 £15 £10 £9.10s £9

£8.10s £7.10s £6.10s £6 £5.10s

£5 £4.10s £3.10s 80 OF £1



500 PRIZES of 2s 6d
2,000 RED SEAL TARGETS
8,000 TARGET PRIZES

Doubled Radio Offer with 100 Fine 2-in-1 Prizes!

TO-DAY brings the second huge batch of 2-in-1 prizes in *Bullet's* sensational Radio Month. The attractions of a splendid First Prize and a doubled array of superb Radio Sets have been combined in this wonderful one-week offer!

That fine First of £600, you will see, is supported by 80 other cheques—and every one of the 100 chief cash prize-winners in this contest is to receive as an additional award a superb 2-valve Radio Receiver.

These elegant "Burgundy" instruments of new design were first seen at this year's Radio Show at Olympia; in the homes of 100 competitors who win one in *Bullet's* this week, they will remain as a permanent exhibition of wireless craftsmanship.

If you want a cheque to fill your pocket after the holidays and one of these luxurious Radios to provide you with nightly entertainment for months to come, see that your *Bullet's* are in by Saturday, September 22.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

To make a *Bullet*, read the Examples through carefully and make a note of the various rough ideas which they suggest to your mind.

Then take each of your settings in turn and see if you can condense it into TWO, THREE or FOUR words to form a pointed comment which links up aptly with the chosen Example.

Suppose, for instance, you were working on the Example *Our Strangers*. Your first rough comment might well be *Lies in Babies, Not Arguments*. This you could readily compress and improve to the finished *Bullet*, *Our Strangers—Rests in Mother's Arms*.

To help you further, study the winning efforts in competition No. 161 which appear on the previous page.

There is not a winning *Bullet* in that list which you could not have made up yourself. So settle down to *Bullet's* with confidence this evening and on Friday, October 5, that thrilling First Prize telegram may be addressed to you.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

OUR STRENGTH
WOULDN'T LAST
TELLING THE SOUL
SHIPPED AT
HEAD TO MAN
HAPPY FIGHT
YOU'RE LUCKY IF
BUT
BE A PAL AND
WHEN WINTER COMES
"DEEP IT"
ENCOURAGING START
FLYING HIGH
IN A POOL'S PARADISE
NEED DAY
ON THE HORIZON
HOW TO MAKE GOOD
SERIOUS READ
WHEN FORCED
WITH A SCOWL
STRANGELY ENOUGH
THE GINGER
SHOWS HE'S A TRAITOR
WITHOUT WARNING
BEFOREHAND
ON THE MOVE
TRICK OF FATE
GAVE IN THE DESERT
HEDDY THOUGHT
UNEXPECTED PLEASURE
SLIPPERY
DOESN'T COUNT
BETTER SIGN
AGAINST THE RULES
HAS PUNISHMENT
ENDED THE ARGUMENT

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(954) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1
Signed _____
Address _____
Sept. 22 Coupon and P.O. for 1d.

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(954) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2
Signed _____
Address _____
Sept. 22 Coupon and P.O. for 1d.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(954) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3
Signed _____
Address _____
Sept. 22 Coupon and P.O. for 1d.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(954) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4
Signed _____
Address _____
Sept. 22 Coupon and P.O. for 1d.

Enter name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(954) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5
Signed _____
Address _____
Sept. 22 Coupon and P.O. for 1d.

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 954, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

96 FREE PAGES OF COMPETITION HELP

What do the judges want? How do the big prize-winners make their efforts?

These and scores of other questions you will find answered in "Bullets" Bulletin, which will also introduce you to a thrilling new £50-a-week *Bullet's* Football Contest.

Post off the coupon to-night and receive each Thursday for 12 weeks this eight-page guide to competition success.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value stamps (issued "A Co.") payable to John Bull to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets" Bulletin commencing with the next available issue.

Name _____

Address _____

Post to: "BULLETS" DEPT. GORDON PRESS LTD. 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received each month, the best being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made up of. This must be made payable to John Bull and crossed "A Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be submitted.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Gordon Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

NEWSAGENT PRIZES. Cheques for 25, 25 and 25 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 954 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for 250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 954 will be deposited in the hands of Mr. Gordon, 100, Whitechapel Road, Whitechapel.

ENTRY-FEE. You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 2d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "A Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

The Good Samaritan OF Sheffield

Relieved His Own 6½ Years'
RHEUMATISM

Banished His 2 Relatives'
**HEADACHE
& NEURALGIA**

To play the part of the Good Samaritan . . . to bring Health and Cheer where before was Agony and Misery—To save suffering . . . to relieve distress and pain . . . surely that is the greatest service one person can render to another!

That is the part played by the happy man who writes the letter below! It is an epic story for all who are in the grip of agonising PAIN.

For 6½ years he himself suffered the torture of dread Rheumatism! All kinds of treatment failed to do him good! He was getting **WORSE!!** A friend recommended "Yeast-Vite" to him! He took it and found relief! But he was not content with finding new health himself . . . he wanted **other** sufferers to know the wonderful Power of Yeast-Vite. A relative was in bed with awful Neuralgia . . . the "Good Samaritan" came along . . . gave him two Yeast-Vite Tablets and the Neuralgia was conquered. Another had a terrible headache . . . again the "Good Samaritan" came with his Yeast-Vite Tablets. The headache vanished "like magic"! Read the story in his own words!

Dear Sirs,—I have been a sufferer from Rheumatism for the past six-and-a-half years, being troubled mainly in the hips, thighs, knees and occasionally in the shoulders.

I have tried almost everything. I have been in Hospitals and Institutions, and until a friend recommended me to try your Yeast-Vite Tablets, I seemed to be getting worse every day. Since getting a bottle of your Tablets I seem to be picking up wonderfully, and my friends keep telling me that I am looking much better.

The other day one of my relations had Neuralgia and was in bed with it, so I asked him to try a couple of your tablets, and in an hour or so he was up and outside again.

Earlier on in the day another one had a terrible headache, and I gave her two of your tablets and it vanished like magic.—I remain, Yours truly, J. D., Sheffield.

Not only to those in PAIN does Yeast-Vite bring its unequalled blessings.

- To the Weak and Weary it brings new strength and energy.
- To the Stomach sufferer it brings new appetite, new enjoyment of food.
- To the Nerve Racked and Despondent it brings new life and confidence.
- To the Sleepless and Exhausted it opens up a new vista of happiness.

For Yeast-Vite is **LIFE**. Yeast-Vite is the Wonder Tonic of the Age.

It is so successful because each and every tablet is an accurate scientific combination of pure Medicinal Yeast (*Saccharomyces Cerevisiae*), Vitamins (especially Vitamin B), and other valuable tonic ingredients as prescribed by leading specialists.

From the very first dose you feel Renewed — Refreshed — Reinvigorated. **PAIN** disappears! **WEAKNESS** is changed to **STRENGTH**! Life becomes Happy—Joyous—**WORTH LIVING**.



Another
Record
Tribute
To

YEAST -VITE

Still they come, these grateful letters of praise from people in every corner of the globe; proving up to the hilt that "Yeast-Vite is Life."

NO CURE—NO PAY!

Simply obtain a 1/8 Bottle of "YEAST-VITE" Brand Tonic Tablets, and if you are not **THOROUGHLY CONVINCED** of the **WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY** and **TONIC PROPERTIES** of "YEAST-VITE" return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded in full.

YOUR QUICK-HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS	Glorious Relief	In 5/15 MINS.
HEADACHES	Deliverance	In 5/15 MINS.
LASSITUDE	Vim and Vigour	In 10/20 MINS.
DEPRESSION	Buoyant Energy	In 10/20 MINS.
"NERVES"	Steadiness	In 10/20 MINS.
INDIGESTION	Keen Appetite	In 15/30 MINS.
EXHAUSTION	Animation	In 15/30 MINS.
SLEEPLESSNESS	Calm Repose	In 30/60 MINS.
RHEUMATISM	Pain Relief	In 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION	Regularity	In 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD	Purification	In 36 HOURS

YeastVite

Tonic Tablets, Sold Everywhere, 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

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